

THE MAGAZINE

# ELKS



OCTOBER 1944  
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# A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

HAVE just returned from a trip through the Country that carried me as far west as Utah and as far south as Georgia. I have had conferences with the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, the Presidents of State Associations and many prominent members of our Order. Everywhere I found Elksdom on the move. Thousands of fine men are applying for membership. Everywhere I was impressed with the splendid programs that are being carried out and planned for the benefit of men in the Armed Services. I was particularly touched with the deep sympathy expressed for the wounded and incapacitated. I visited the great Army hospitals near Trenton, N. J.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Atlanta, Ga., and Richmond, Va. I saw how the members of the nearby lodges were generously providing comforts and entertainment for the wounded veterans. I began to realize the tremendous possibilities for service that lie before us. We have made a slight beginning. Our efforts must be continued until we serve the men in every hospital established by the Government. The cost will be heavy—far beyond the resources of the lodges in their neighborhoods. It must be met by lodges everywhere. Our Elks War Commission must be provided with funds. Its seemingly large balance of cash on hand is allotted to the continuation of projects already under way. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be required if our hospitalization plans fully meet the requirements.

## THE WAR CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO

Everywhere I have heard the most favorable comments upon our recent War Conference. It was a splendid gathering of American gentlemen, assembled for the serious responsibility of assisting our Country in its war efforts and preparing for the heavy duties that lie before us. While there were some few social features, I was impressed with the seriousness that marked every moment of our stay in Chicago. Gone were many of the festivities that marked former gatherings. There were no bands or parades. The delegates were there to attend to their duties and they did so. The meetings were largely

attended. The speeches were intensely patriotic. Few will ever forget the eloquent address of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lonerger at the opening session. The reports of the Commissions were extremely illuminating. Those of the National Memorial and Publication Commission, the Elks National Foundation and the Elks War Commission convincingly told of the success of their activities. The addresses of the representatives of the War and Navy Departments and Veterans Bureau gave gratifying testimony of how we have helped the Government. Never was there a more impressive service than that which was held in memory of our departed Brothers. The beautiful decorations, inspiring music, impressive rendition of the ritual and the eloquent addresses, were features of an event that made an impression upon the minds of those assembled that will never be forgotten.

## DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND EXALTED RULERS

On page 40 is published the list of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. These Brothers who are to have such an important part in the functions of our Order during the coming year have been selected with great care. They are men who have rendered outstanding service in their own lodges. They have been fully instructed as to their duties and if their recommendations are adopted by the subordinate lodges, I am sure great benefits will result. They are my personal representatives, and I request that they be given the same courtesy and consideration that would be extended to me. The District Deputies are required to witness the exemplification of the initiation ritual, examine the books of the Secretary, Treasurer and Trustees, and report to me the condition of each lodge. It will be my endeavor to analyze each report and write to the Exalted Ruler the findings of the District Deputy.

## SELECTIVE MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

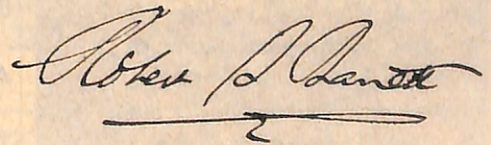
I have requested the Lodge Activities Committee to prepare plans for two Selective Membership Campaigns, one to be held in November and the other in

February. These Campaigns are to be exactly what the names denote—an effort to bring into the Order groups of men whose names have been selected in advance as the kind of men we want as members. There are thousands of fine men in every community who are only waiting to be invited to join. Recently, I met a Supreme Court Judge of a midwestern State who told me that he had been waiting for twenty-one years to be invited to join the Elks. Hundreds of thousands of young men as they return from their war duties, will find in the Elks not only pleasant social and fraternal association and opportunities to serve humanity, but contacts that will be of invaluable assistance as they rehabilitate themselves in their communities.

## REHABILITATION PROGRAM

I am delighted with the progress of the Program for the assistance and rehabilitation of our members when they return home from their war duties. It is spreading through our Order like wildfire. Already several hundred lodges have named Commissions and appropriated funds for their uses. Many lodges in small cities are arranging to serve all veterans, instead of Elks only as originally planned. I think this is splendid. We owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to every man who wears the uniform of his Country. I ask immediate action. It will be too late if we wait until the men return home. We must have information in advance so that we will be ready to give quick aid and practical advice when called upon.

Cordially and fraternally yours,



ROBERT S. BARRETT,  
Grand Exalted Ruler

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# THE Elks

**MAGAZINE**

**NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PRO-  
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**OCTOBER 1944**

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### We Present—

**T**HIS month for your entertainment and instruction we present a pot-pourri of strange and wonderful things, starting off with what it feels like to be ninety-in-the-shade and still get in on a war built for college boys. Our old contender, Fairfax Downey, who has done a lot of writing for these pages, felt the sap rising at the sound of the first bomb to hit Pearl Harbor. In "Memoirs of a Retread" he lets slip a few glimpses of his experiences and his attitude toward them.

Stanley Frank, who when last heard of was having trouble with the public relations side of the Ninth Air Force whilst in the midst of what used to be the Battle of France, has sent us an article as far removed from the scene of war as he could possibly get. It is entitled "Blood Will Tell", and presents a case for bloodlines in the gee-gees, obviously inspired by nostalgia and memories of Belmont and Pimlico.

Another young serviceman has come up with his observations on life in the Army with "At Home in the Jungle". Master Sergeant Jules Archer claims it can be right cozy down there in the South Seas if you have a flair for improvisation. He proves his point.

As we reported last month, the account of the Grand Lodge of Sorrow appears on page 10 of this issue. It was an inspiring service, ably managed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. A photograph of the altar appears with the story. We also announced that the Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation would appear in this issue. It recounts the disposal of the many awards made by the Foundation to deserving students on page 11.

The Elks War Commission makes a moving plea for the recruitment of nurses for the war effort on page 18, and on page 19 it describes the success enjoyed by Oakland, Calif., Lodge in entertaining servicemen at its model Fraternal Center.

Another important feature of this issue, page 40, contains the list of District Deputies appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett. It might be well to clip this page for reference.

That isn't all; the other to-be-expected monthly features are all here, Faust and his four-legged bedfellows, Trullinger and his dear deer, and Hansen with his spectacles and his mighty tomes. Also the fraternal doings, without which there would be no reason for publishing this handsome edition of our National Organ.

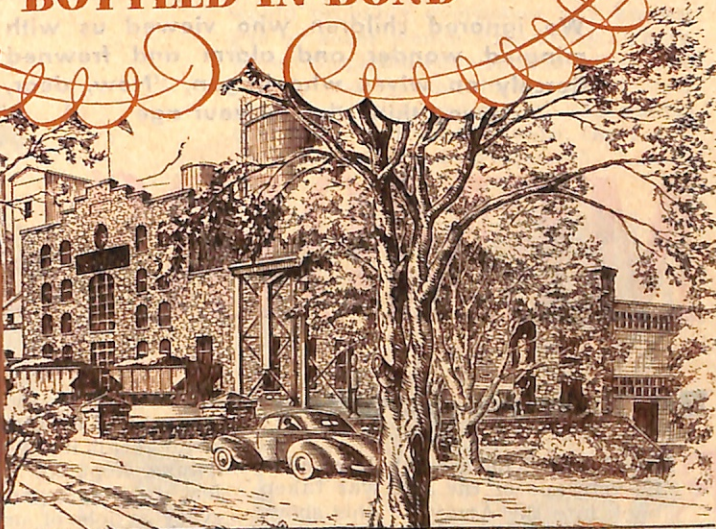
While we are at it, we wish to report countless requests for "suitable-for-framing" copies of last month's cover, "September Morn". To our everlasting dismay we are unable to furnish them because the plates were all made with the "slug" firmly imbedded. Nonetheless we appreciate the compliment. C. P.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR



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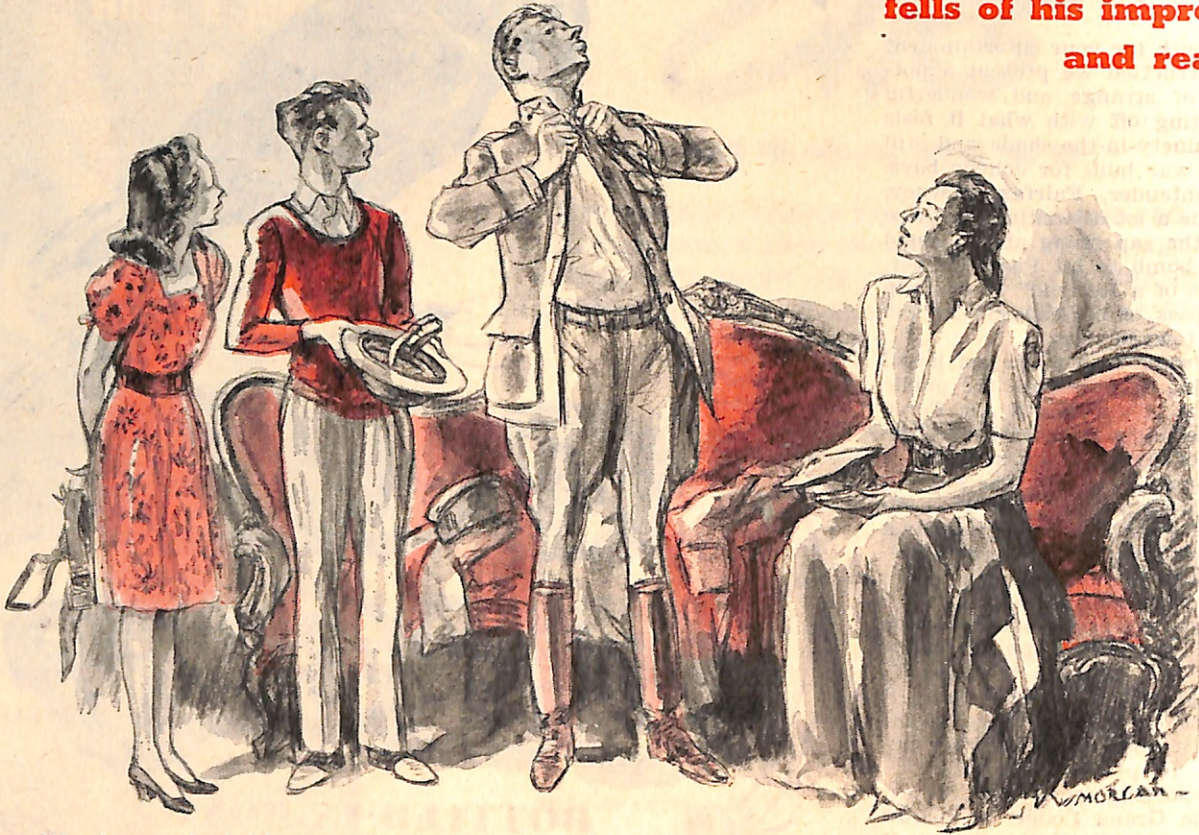
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**A veteran of the last war, a retread,  
goes rolling along in this conflict and  
tells of his impressions  
and reactions**



We ignored children who viewed us with mingled wonder and alarm and frowned fiercely on wives who began, "Now, dear, do you think that at your age . . ."

# MEMOIRS of a RETREAD

**By Fairfax Downey**

**R**ETREADS. That's what they called us veterans of the last war taken back into the Army for this show. The idea was that an old officer, like an old tire that could be fixed up enough to function, could well be used. At least they would do until the country got into production with young officers and synthetic rubber.

We knew right along that this one would be a young man's war. So was our 1917-18 fracas a young man's war. Then we were the young men watching some of the old relics of '98 creak and groan and huff and puff.

Hastily we dismissed such disquieting memories on hearing a call to arms which we thought included us. Like old war horses smelling the smoke of battle we did a bit of private pawing and

snorting. We assumed the position of the soldier at attention so far as we could recall it. We dug into old locker trunks, kept for twenty-five years for just this emergency, and found that every article of uniform clothing in it was either out of military style or would not circumnavigate us, or both. We ignored children who viewed us with mingled wonder and alarm and frowned fiercely on wives who began, "Now, dear, do you think that at your age . . ." We went and took the Army physical examination. And passed! Homes echoed with such dialogue as this: "So there, my good woman. Now what have you to say?" "Well, all I can say is the Army must be pretty hard up for officers."

It was. That's where we came in.

Some retreads have been back in action at the front and still could take it, stout fellows. Most of us have done

staff or troop training duty at home or on foreign service. For us it has been a strange, haunting experience. History playing back the same record but the needle slipping. *Over There* with a boogie-woogie bass. A war whose face was familiar but we didn't quite catch the name. Perhaps the tale of this retread, a minor major, is worth telling. Do I hear a voice asking, "Grandpa, what did you do in the great war?"

Heaven help me, I went back to school. In the late forties that is no light matter. They called it a "refresher" course and it left me flat. The instructors were bright young men, respectful as toward ancients and genuine antiques but adamant. Their attitude seemed to be: "Now you gentlemen did fine with the long bow at Crecy and Agincourt but you'll simply have to get up to date." I wrestled with the 105 mm. howitzer, an excellent artillery piece



but replete with gadgets. The French 75 mm. of my youth was a lighter, simpler and altogether cosier cannon. I tackled trucks, greasing them, driving them cross-country and at night without lights. Now and again I'd reflect on how comparatively easy it used to be to service a horse and drive him at night without lights by just giving him his head. War gets more and more complicated. I bet it will be that and not pacts that really ends war.

Finally I graduated from that school but limp and pale enough to have doubled as a daisy chain at the graduation exercises. Perhaps on the recommendation of my instructors, I never had to attend another. This was unusual. Most of the Army has spent most of its time going to school. This Nation, as well as Merrie England, now has an Old School Tie, and ours is a simple little OD mohair or suntan khaki model. With military education booming as it was, it looked as if we might just send over a few picked teams from the War College to take part in competitive examinations and not have to resort to brute force. Spoofing aside, no one is more happy about plenty of training than we who could have used more of it last time. If this were an editorial rather than an article, I would rise to inquire if we have now learned the wisdom of spreading training over years instead of cramming at the last minute. (It's an article, but I'd still like to ask.)

For eight months this retread rolled through a field artillery replacement training center as adjutant and battalion executive and was able to nego-

tiate everything from snowstorms of paperwork to obstacle courses and speed marches. I don't doubt that young lieutenants looked in at my open door like children passing the village smithy and on seeing me still alive after my exertions remarked, "The maje, a mighty man is he."

Then I was ordered to Washington. That *did* almost wear me out. I fought and bled in The Pentagon, literally—fought to get away from it and went and gave blood at the Red Cross Donor

Center which seemed the only useful thing I could do there. Thence I escaped with orders for foreign service.

Curiously it was the Chemical Warfare Service, with the best intentions in in the world, that came close to stopping me in my tracks. The assortment of precautions it gave me to tote was a caution! There was a complete change of impregnated clothing from the skin out; it smelled to high heaven and would probably overpower any known gas by sheer stench superiority. There were cellophane envelopes in which one was to seal oneself in the event that planes sprayed chemicals, (If planes changed and dropped bombs, there you

(Continued on page 35)



Under the weight of the equipment, I barely was able to stagger up the gangplank.

Illustrated By  
WALLACE MORGAN

Carefully they pulled away stones. They found a black sentry at attention at his post when he died.





# BLOOD

# WILL

# TELL

**Improvement of the breed  
is not an empty phrase  
among men who have  
made a long, and often  
profitable, study of blood  
lines.**

**By Stanley Frank**

**T**HE animal never had won a stake race and a short week earlier had performed so unimpressively that Ben Jones, a trainer who waves no more red herrings than any of his colleagues, thought it a waste of time to ship the horse to the Kentucky Derby. In spite of it all, Pensive, Jones' problem beast, went to the post second choice in the public betting and won the big race and \$65,000 from here to the next issue.

Two-dollar bettors removed from the

scene sniffed suspiciously and wondered out loud what went on. They wanted to know whether there was a last-minute tip on the horse. Specifically, they wanted to know why Pensive, previously beaten by a half-dozen dogs in the field, was held at a price as short as 7-to-1.

The answer to that one is absurdly simple. Pensive figured to win the race all the time. Any close student of blood lines could have told you that. Of course, the scholars did not come through with

the revelation until the race was run, but these things take time to divine and, besides, an expert operates on the sound theory that no guess is as reliable as the second-guess.

Pensive might have paid ten dollars, or more, for each dollar invested on his silken nose at any track but Churchill Downs. The hardboots of Kentucky, the most horse-wise public in America, supported Pensive despite its disappointing performances for one reason, the best reason in racing. No horse on the turf has better breeding than the colt by Hyperion out of Penicuik II.



Draft Horse  
1944

11 Inches Tall - 6 Million Years Ago



The scientific breeding of horses is the most important factor in trying to pick winners and it is the one aspect of racing that is far over the bow and bloodied heads of the vast majority of bettors, who nevertheless will wager close to 25 billion dollars this year in their beautiful ignorance. Improvement of the breed is not an empty phrase among men who have made a long, and often profitable, study of blood lines of horses and the transference of same. Incidentally, the brave, new world now in the process of being fashioned would have been here a century ago if as much care and attention were devoted to the improvement of the human as to the horse breed.

**P**ENSIVE, the No. 1 horse of 1944 because of his triumphs in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, is a classic case in support of blood lines. As some astute experts doped the Derby, the large field of sixteen horses pointed to a winner with staying, rather than sprinting, qualities. To be in contention, it was imperative that a horse broke fast from the barrier to keep out of traffic jams, ran with the leaders to avoid getting caught in the switches and then turned on the heat when the opposition faded in the stretch.

Any race more than a mile and a furlong calls for a stayer and the Derby distance is a mile and a quarter. Further, Pensive comes from the best staying stock on the turf.

The colt's old man is Hyperion, winner of the 1933 English Derby—a mile

and a half—and the St. Leger—a mile and three-quarters. Not all great horses are capable of endowing their kids with their own racing qualities, but Hyperion is an exception in one field of genetics in which blood lines hold true remarkably well. Pensive's papa has been the leading sire in England, his native heath where he does all his romancing, for the last four years.

Hyperion also can point with pride to Hampton, a great-grandpop several generations removed, a name synonymous in England with stamina. The old guy, foaled in 1872, was celebrated as the selling plater that founded a mighty line. Hampton won nineteen races in thirty-three starts up to distances of two and five-eighths miles—a considerable piece of ground for a horse—sired Merry Hampton, winner of the 1887 Derby, and Merry Token, Man o' War's grand dam. His own sire was Lord Clifden, winner of the St. Leger, and among his slew of relatives were Whalebone and Waxy, Derby winners that sired, in turn, seven other Derby winners. What did your sainted ancestors accomplish?

The horse-faced lady Hyperion called Mom was Lady Langden, who produced a Derby winner, Sir Bevv's. Pensive's old lady is Penicuk II, she by Buchan, the sire in the last three years of distance horses that have won the astonishing total of 580 races.

The purpose of digging up these old skeletons in the stall is to show that Pensive, if you looked long and hard enough, had to be well regarded for the

Derby because of his breeding, although we understand, on thoroughly unimpeachable sources, that the four-legged aristocrat has horrible table manners. Eats like a horse.

**A**LTHOUGH the process of breeding horses scientifically is involved, the proof is comparatively simple. The big idea is to produce a line of horses that can run fast over a short or long stretch of ground. That is the only purpose of selective breeding. It requires a good deal of patience, a stout bankroll and a lot of luck. For that reason the rich usually walk off with most of the big purses—but you should've seen the ones that got away. Few of the big, hot-shot stable owners make money; they figure to lose from \$50,000 to \$400,000 a year, depending on their knowledge of what they're doing, their trainers and their luck.

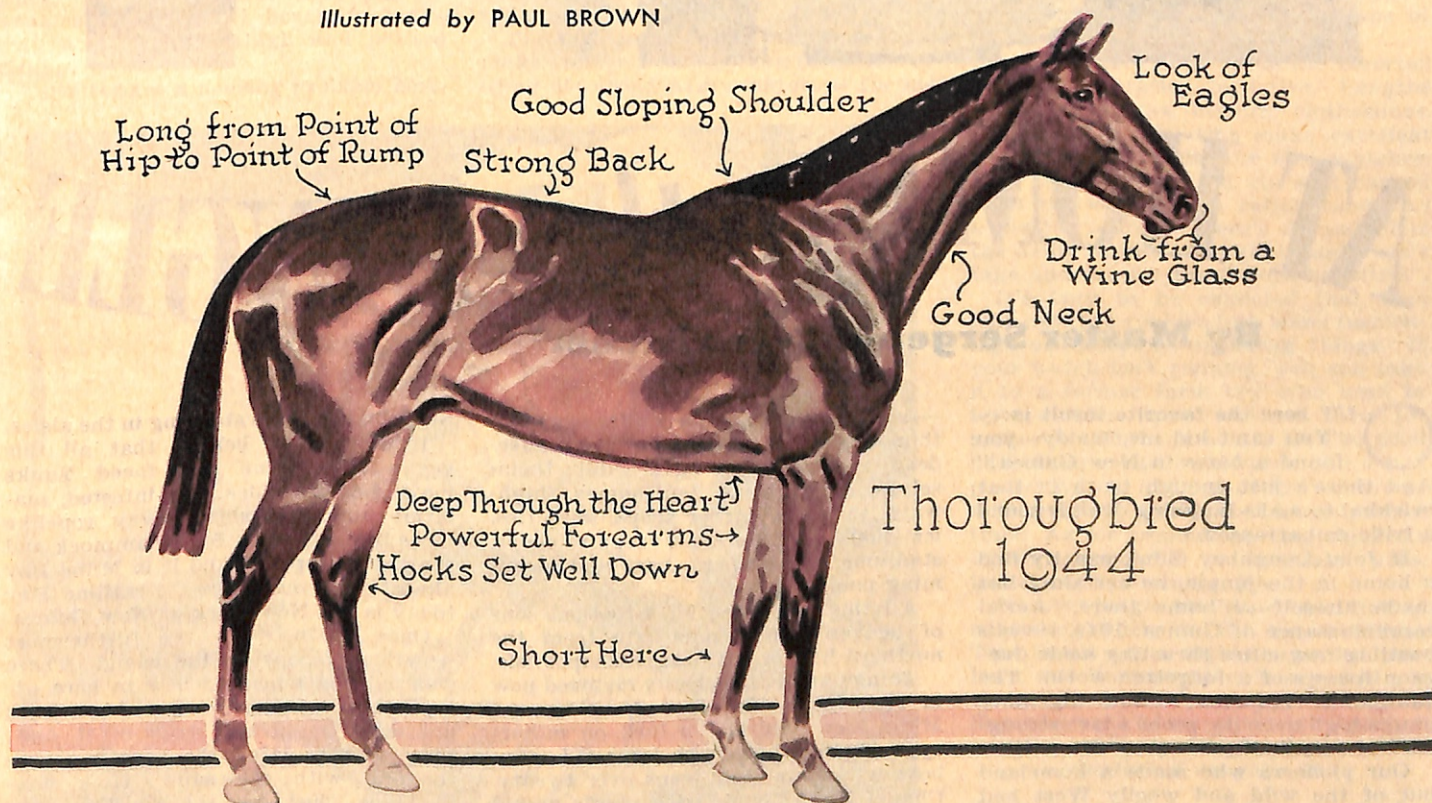
One year Harry Payne Whitney's stable won more than \$400,000 in purses. At the end of the season, someone complimented old Jim Rowe, Whitney's trainer, for a spectacular job.

"It was a pretty good year, at that," Rowe nodded pleasantly. "I don't think we lost more than \$200,100."

The normal hazards of breeding horses are so high that only the rich can afford the luxury of indulging in it as a hobby. The only way to get a horse capable of winning even one classic stake race is to breed it scientifically and the only way to find out whether the formula is worth pursuing is to race the

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by PAUL BROWN



Paul Brown 1944



**If a Yank can't be at home,  
he does the next best thing  
and makes himself a  
"house beautiful"**



When asked what he intended doing with the fortune he was accumulating, the cook replied with a sigh, "Man . . . six months in Havana."

# AT HOME in the JUNGLE

**By Master Sergeant Jules Archer**

**O**UT here the favorite insult is:—"You can't kid me, buddy—you found a *home* in New Guinea!" And there's just enough truth in that brickbat to make laughing denials sound a trifle embarrassed.

If John Doughboy didn't exactly find a home in the jungle, he certainly has made himself *at home* there. Aerial reconnaissance of Guinea, 1944, reveals bustling new cities thrusting aside dungeon forests of a forgotten world. The shingle of impudent Yank ingenuity hangs high over the globe's last stronghold of cannibalism.

Our pioneers who made a homeland out of the wild and woolly West had nothing on these gun-toting buccaneers in sun-tan. On an island once considered fit only for lepers and criminals

—despite tropical fevers, Japs, gubas, thunderstorms, floods, bombs and knee-deep mud—Yanks have built themselves comfortable tent-homes, highways, theatres, barber shops, laundries, ice houses, clubrooms, repair shops, stadiums, newspapers, bars and swimming pools.

All this while the buck-toothed sons of heaven fight tenaciously from the northern half of the dragon-shaped isle.

Things are so hopelessly civilized now in rear areas like Port Moresby and Milne Bay that M.P.'s lurk on motorcycles behind bushes to lasso G.I. cowboys who spur their jeeps over twenty. Chanel No. 5 blends with jungle orchid odors as women auxiliaries dance with Air Corpsmen to hot G.I. swingsters. And boxing every Friday night at the

Stadium has G.I.'s standing in the aisles.

It is hard to believe that all this began with some dirty-faced Yanks moving into a thick, Jap-infested, malarial jungle, slashing away ropelike vines to make room for a hammock and a night's sleep. We did it in Milne Bay almost two years ago . . . Milne Bay today is the New York of New Guinea.

Once again we're the furthestmost American troops on the island. There was nothing when we flew in here except three .50 calibre machine guns guarding the grass strips. Yet now, three months later, the base is mushrooming with the same Yank nonchalance, just as though the Japs weren't thirty miles ahead of us, and even ninety miles in our rear.

The first few nights here we slept in



our jungle hammocks—coffin-like affairs with zippered mosquito net sides and rain-cover roof. Our heads were comfortably pillowed on inflated water wings. The shrewdest of our number dug slit trenches directly under their hammocks. When the siren wailed, all they had to do was un-zip the netting and fall cozily into their trenches.

When things settled down sufficiently to permit our home-building project to begin, we almost reluctantly abandoned our hammocks for the communal G.I. tents. No sooner were the tents up than the impatient beavers of the outfit went to work felling trees to make tent frames. Most waited cautiously—prudently, as it turned out—until the customary two or three shifts of camp sites had been made. When at last it looked as though we had anchored firmly, the cry of "Timber!" echoed through the jungle.

Before you can put a log frame inside your tent, you must first carefully remove the tent from over the cots, bars, clothes-racks, etc. A job akin to whisking a tablecloth from under a stack of dishes without regretting it. Then while the house "furniture" basks naked and incongruous-looking in the open sunlight, the G.I. master builders bustle around digging stump holes, inserting corner logs upright and bridging them with joint-chopped jungle beams. Looming rainclouds overhead generally get the job done on the double.

The tent pole is raised some two feet above the ground, and the tent superimposed over the framework. The sides are then flapped out and propped by poles. The result is something that resembles an oversized beach umbrella with a comfortably high and peaked ceiling.

Termites are a housing problem here,

Illustrated By  
CHARLES HAWES



too. When the boys find fresh wood chaff on the floor under the log beams, they pessimistically await the day one of them will bring the tent around their heads by adding the weight of his shirt to a nail on the beam.

When the last bomber's moon was bright in the sky for a fortnight, the occupants of one tent became tired of climbing out of their cots and hiking to their trenches three and four times a night. They solved the problem neatly by digging a deep slit trench right in the middle of their tent.

The G.I. in the jungle has learned to make himself more comfortable by using discarded Army materials for his

"home furnishings". One ingenious group mounted their tent pole on a giant wire reel turned on its side, thus giving the occupants a modern, double-decker, circular table. Empty food crates, piled sidewise and nailed one on top of the other, provide neat storage shelves for clothes, toilet articles, etc. Hinges placed on empty packing cases transform them into handy foot lockers. As a luxurious touch, some tents have rugs made of sewn flour sacks. The interior decoration is rather stereotyped, consisting in most cases of pin-ups of Betty Grable.

Ashtrays are made from the inverted tops of "K" ration food tins. Lengths of old field wire become clotheslines. Empty fruit cake tins make excellent weather-proof vaults for film, watches, etc. Light shades are cut and carved from the sides of tin ration cans. As a matter of fact, there's darned little the Army throws away that Yanks can't take and use for the "house beautiful".

It's only to be expected that men who can turn rubbish into home furnishings are adept at repairing things. If your watch isn't running, you can take it to a former farm boy who used to take watches apart and put them together for fun back home. He's so good he's taken a bad wristwatch and a bad pocket watch, and out of the wrecks of both created a hybrid that keeps perfect time. As for trouble-shooting cigarette lighters, cameras or fountain pens, those are five-minute jobs.

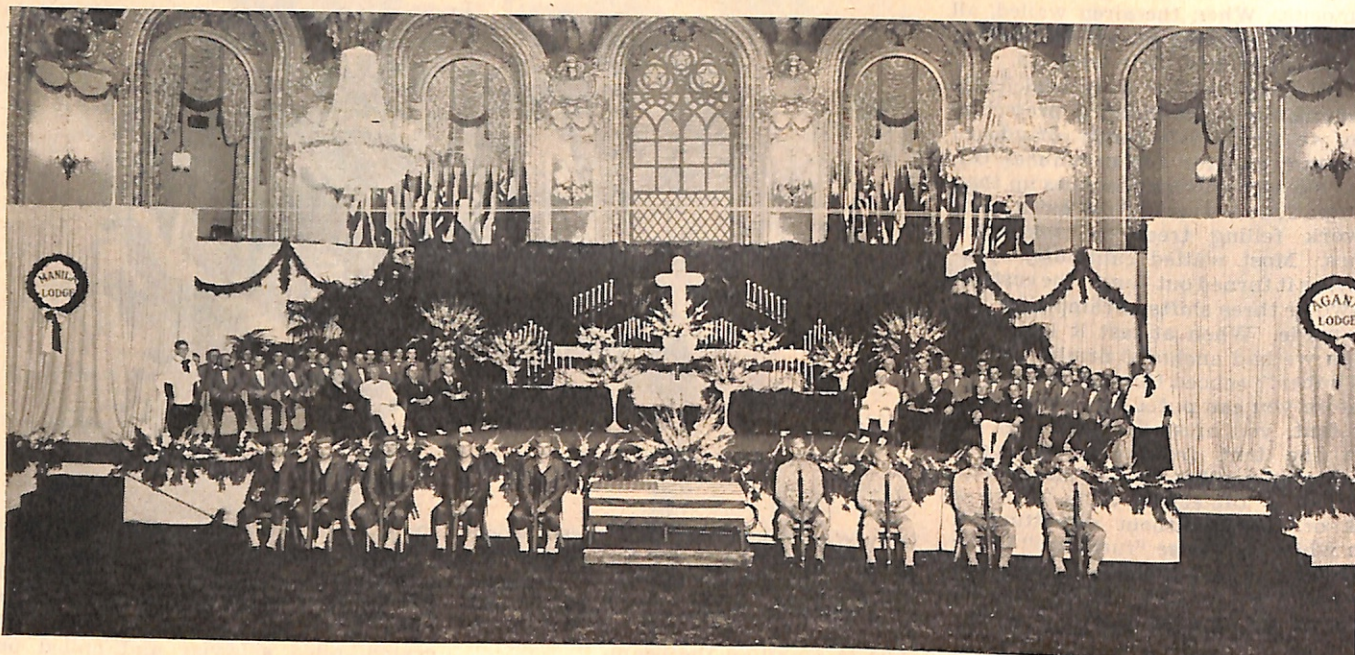
No true jungle soldier would think of subsisting solely on G.I. mess rations. Tent meals are a highly regarded pastime, and Yanks with culinary skill are in great demand as tent partners. Supreme chef in our outfit is "Squiffy," a little roly-poly Virginia boy whose

(Continued on page 30)



**They solved the problem neatly by digging a deep slit trench right in the middle of their tent.**





Above is a photograph of the handsomely decorated altar, during the Grand Lodge of Sorrow held in connection with the 1944 Elks War Conference in Chicago to honor the memory of those Elks who have passed on during the year.

## The Grand Lodge Memorial Service

AT THE hour of eleven on the morning of Wednesday, August 2nd, 1944, the Eightieth Session of the Grand Lodge held in the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, had already adjourned its third business session to devote the remainder of the morning to the Memorial Service to the departed members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

As an organ Voluntary was played by C. Gordon Wedertz, the curtains parted on the beautifully decorated rostrum of the grand ballroom of the Stevens Hotel, and two altar boys were seen placing lighted tapers to the candelabra before the altar. The stage was banked with flowers and ferns, and softly lighted. At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony, "The Lost Chord" was rendered by the Chanters of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, and as the last notes faded, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, delivered the opening address of the service. Grand Chaplain Rev. Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110, then led the Grand Lodge in prayer.

It was next the privilege of Grand Esquire Clayton F. Van Pelt, of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, No. 57, to offer the

Eleven O'Clock Toast. At its conclusion, Miss Naomi Cook sang O'Hara's "There Is No Death", the inspiring opening words of which are:

"There is no death!

The stars go down

To rise upon some other shore,

And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,

They shine forevermore."

It devolved upon Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, who is noted for his oratory and compelling manner, to deliver a moving and tender eulogy to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 309, whose passing had brought sorrow to the members of the Order during the lodge year. Those who knew Mr. Holland well clearly recognized the worth of Mr. Coen's testimonial and took comfort from his words. The Terre Haute Chanters then sang the ancient hymn, "Lead Kindly Light".

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, rose to deliver the eulogy to Grand Treasurer George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, who was one of the best loved figures in the Order and whose passing was mourned by all who knew him. As his close friend and

associate, Mr. Campbell's eulogy delivered in his fine voice was a great testimonial to a loyal and deeply respected member of the Order. Mr. Campbell's words were followed by the hymn, "Abide with Me", sung by the Chanters.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, then delivered an address "Our Absent Brothers". Mr. Sullivan, famed throughout New England for his compelling oratory and striking personality, delivered an address notable for its noble sentiments. This was followed by the selection, "In Memoriam", by the Chanters. Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan then rose to deliver a patriotic and inspiring talk on Our Nation's Flag. Mr. Lonergan who has become noted for his patriotic speeches, delivered one of his finest addresses of the sort on this occasion. His words were followed by "The Star-Spangled Banner", sung by Naomi Cook, the Chanters and the audience.

Dr. Edward J. McCormick then rose to deliver the closing address which was followed by the prayer of Grand Chaplain Father McGeough. At the close of Father McGeough's benediction, an organ Recessional brought this Grand Lodge of Sorrow to a fitting close.





# The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees



**FIRST PRIZE**  
F. Francis Birch,  
Salt Lake City, Utah



**SECOND PRIZE**  
Theodore W. Blickwedel,  
Richmond, Ind.



**THIRD PRIZE**  
Mark John Jakobson,  
Missoula, Mont.



**FOURTH PRIZE**  
Robert Frank Cox,  
New Castle, Ind.



**FIFTH PRIZE**  
Glenn D. Breuer,  
Berkeley, Calif.



**FIRST PRIZE**  
Marjorie J. Powell,  
Missoula, Mont.



**SECOND PRIZE**  
Shirley Jean Syrett,  
Devon, Conn.



**THIRD PRIZE**  
Irene Louise Olson,  
Boulder, Colo.



**FOURTH PRIZE**  
Alice Marie French,  
Whiting, Ind.

EACH of the eleven years that we have conducted the national contest for scholarships awarded by the Elks National Foundation to the most valuable student graduates of high school or preparatory college has produced an increasing number of applicants, and this particular year has reached the high-water mark of one hundred and fifty-two boys and girls, striving valiantly for higher education, and your Board of Trustees is prepared to say that in none of the years past have there been any more brilliant scholars submitting their applications for our awards.

The first boy's prize has been awarded to a student graduate of Granite High School, in Salt Lake City, Utah—Francis Birch. His certificate of credit in the curricula pursued by him in that high school is really remarkable. Four years of English, all A's; three years of Algebra; all A's; two semesters of Plane Geometry, all A's; one semester of Solid Geometry and one of Trigonometry, both A's; two semesters of Biology, both A's; two of physics, both A's; two of Chemistry, both A's; two of Aeration, both A's; two of Civics, both A's; two of Modern History, both A's; two of American History, both A's; one of Sociology, with an A. In addition to this curricula, he took a course in wood-work, two semesters, both A's, and his Physical Education was two semesters, both A's.

You wouldn't think that such a student would have an opportunity to do anything else but study, but he was a member of the high school track and field team, which was State champion in 1943, and at that State Track Meeting

he was the winner of the one-hundred yard dash, and the winner of second place in the 220, and a member of the champion ½-mile relay team.

In the year 1942-43, he was president of the student Math Club, and the speaker of the student body of the House of Representatives, and in his last year he served as president of the senior class. In addition to this he has apparently some ideals, and a taste for poetry, for, in 1942, he was honored by being selected a winner in the National High School Poetry Contest, and his poem was published in the National Anthology of High School Poetry.

In February of 1943, he was named winner of the Junior Chamber of Commerce "Americanism" Contest. In addition to all this he was editor of the school paper, and the holder of several other student offices.

In this young man, we believe that we have found one of the youths who, as time rolls on, will be heard more of, and to him goes our award of the first scholarship of \$600.

Our second boy comes from nearer our meeting place—Richmond, Indiana. He is Theodore William Blickwedel, affectionately known by his schoolmates as "Ted".

This boy has had one of the most severe struggles and has overcome some of the most desperate obstacles of any student we have had to consider. For seven years he was confined to a hospital because of a tubercular hip and spine, and during the period of his illness, so anxious was he for education and so concerned was he that he would be left

behind in the procession of life, that in all those seven years he actually lost only three years of schooling. Fortunately he responded to treatment, and, although he limps because one leg is shorter than the other, in his high school years he has taken an active interest, not only in the subjects of his studies, but in his extra-curricula activities. He was president of the Art Club, and for the last two years of his high school study he has been president of the Indiana Federation of Junior Art Clubs. He was also Program Chairman of the Senior Dramatic Society, business manager of the school magazine, and Chairman of the Commencement Committee of his senior class. He became Assistant Scoutmaster of the Scout boys' crew, and when the Scoutmaster was called away, he was left in charge, and was acting Scoutmaster for a year. Recently, he helped to organize Scout Troop 116, where he is now serving as Assistant Scoutmaster, and his record shows that although he did not take all of the studies taken by Francis Birch, he took practically all of them and in each and every one, his credit was a straight A. Crippled as he is, this boy worked nights after school, Saturdays, and during his summer vacation to earn money to enable him to go to college, and he has to his credit an honorable mention in Westinghouse Science Talent Search.

Just to show you how intense was the thirst of this boy to acquire knowledge, one of the officials of the Riley Hospital in which he spent his years of suffering, reports to us, and I quote, "that he was

(Continued on page 41)





Above: At the Rushmore Memorial Monument in South Dakota are, left to right, Senator Percy Ohlman; J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett, and P.D.D. Roy Doherty, P.E.R. F. H. Wormer and E.R. Mark Moller of Rapid City Lodge.

# **GRAND** **EXALTED RULER'S** *Visits*

**I**MMEDIATELY after the close of the Grand Lodge War Conference in Chicago, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett left for a series of conferences with his newly appointed District Deputies, scheduled as follows: Ogden, Utah, August 13; Atlanta, Ga., August 19; Chicago, Ill., August 26; New York City, September 2. Dr. Barrett was accompanied on all of these visits by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

En route for Ogden, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited lodges in Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, and made a tour of the Black Hills. He was accompanied on these visitations by J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, now representing the Elks War

Commission. At **MANKATO, MINN.**, and **HURON, S. D.**, brief stops were made for visits to the lodges in these cities. At Huron, supper was served to a group of officers and members at the Marvin Hughitt Hotel which is owned by **HURON LODGE NO. 444**.

Arriving at Rapid City, S. D., on August 6, the visitors were met by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of **RAPID CITY LODGE NO. 1187** and escorted to the lodge home where a breakfast of rainbow trout, caught by members of the lodge, was served. A tour of the Black Hills followed, stops being made at the Rushmore Memorial, The Needles, Mount Coolidge, and other interesting places. Luncheon was served at Sylvan Lake Hotel and the night was spent at State Game

Lodge where President Coolidge made his headquarters in 1927.

The journey was continued by automobile the next morning to Deadwood, S. D., where the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a large number of Elks headed by Dr. P. W. Wasner, Exalted Ruler of **DEADWOOD LODGE NO. 508**. Visits were made to the famous Homestake Mines at Lead. In the afternoon the official party went to Curran Canyon, a delightful spot among towering pines, where a supper of pheasants, buffalo steak and brook trout was served beside a mountain stream. On the return to Deadwood, a tour of interesting historical places, including visits to the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial, erected in 1919, the cabin of "Deadwood Dick", and the graves of "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Calamity Jane", was made. That evening a large number of Elks attended the lodge meeting. It was the first time in many years that Deadwood Lodge had entertained a Grand Exalted Ruler. In his address Dr. Barrett paid high tribute to the Elks of South Dakota, pointing out that they had made an outstanding record in contributions to the Elks War Commission and the Elks National Foundation. He gave much credit for this splendid showing to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, and to Past Grand Trustee Zietlow. At the conclusion of his address, Dr. Barrett was presented with a gift of Black Hills gold jewelry, the presentation being made by Past Exalted Ruler John T. Heffron.

(Continued on page 26)





Carpenters' Hall, meeting place of First Continental Congress...from an early print.\*

## PHILADELPHIA *Heritage of Tradition*



*"Then we adjourn and go to dine — and feast upon  
ten thousand delicacies, drinking Madeira, claret or Burgundy ...*

*I shall be killed with kindness in this place."*

*... letter from John Adams of Boston to his wife — September, 1774*

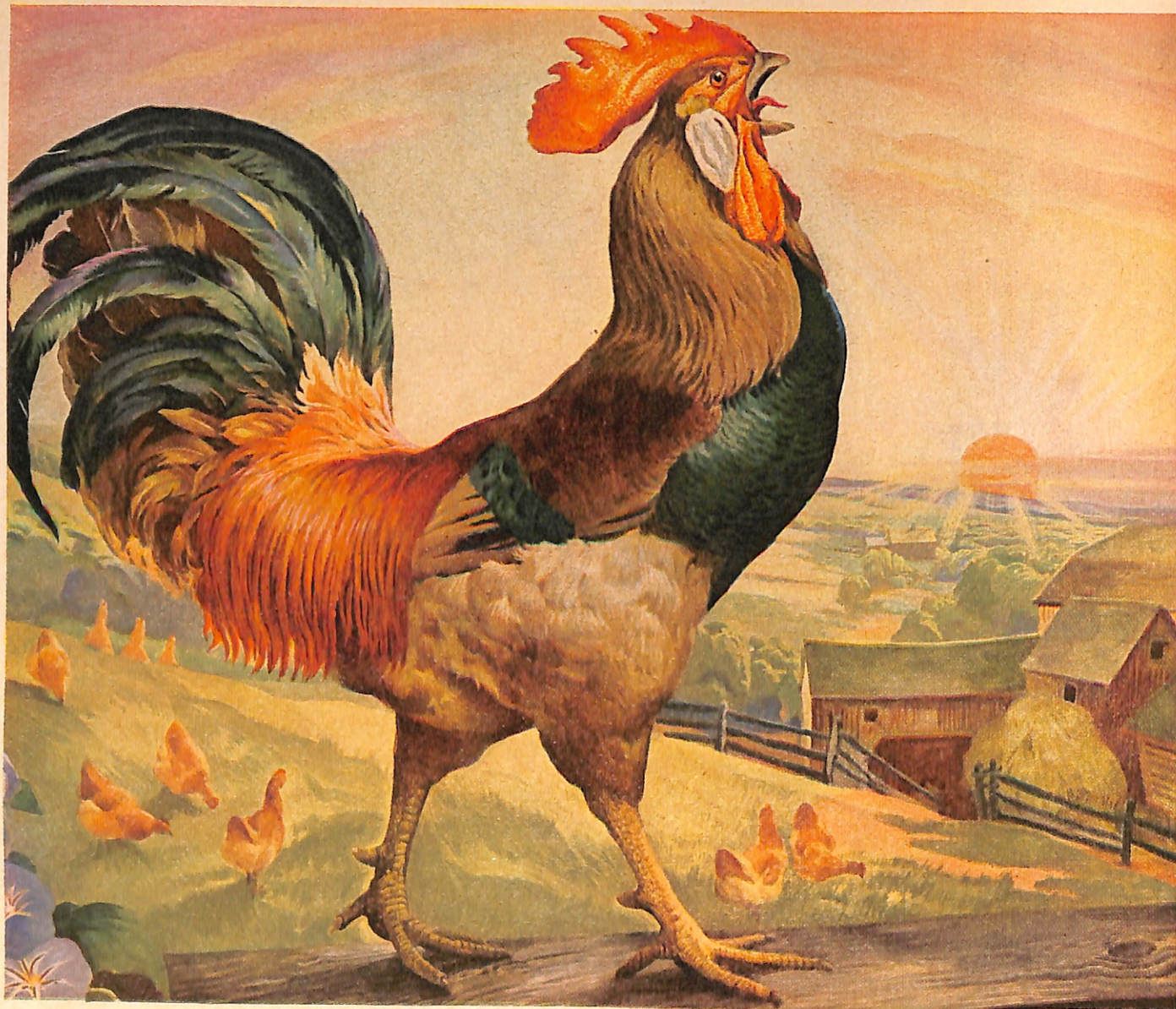
Philadelphia's honored place as our Nation's first capital reflected the life of those days. Sumptuous indeed was the standard it set, at once the envy and delight of our proud Colonial society. A "heritage of hospitality" graciously sustained today by Philadelphia Blend... whisky of such special excellence you might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits





## Like **Sunny Morning** in your **Glass!**

**Y**OU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Reserve. But one thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine, smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . so *mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole.

Small wonder, then, that SCHENLEY Reserve is such a favorite among finer whiskies.

You'll taste the proof of this in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Reserve.



*SPEED THE DAWN OF VICTORY.  
CONSERVE PAPER.*

Yes, Victory comes wrapped in paper! Make each piece s-t-r-e-t-c-h. Share newspapers and magazines. Accept simple wartime packaging. Don't ask stores to "wrap it".

# SCHENLEY

*Reserve*



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, 86 proof — sixty per cent grain neutral spirits

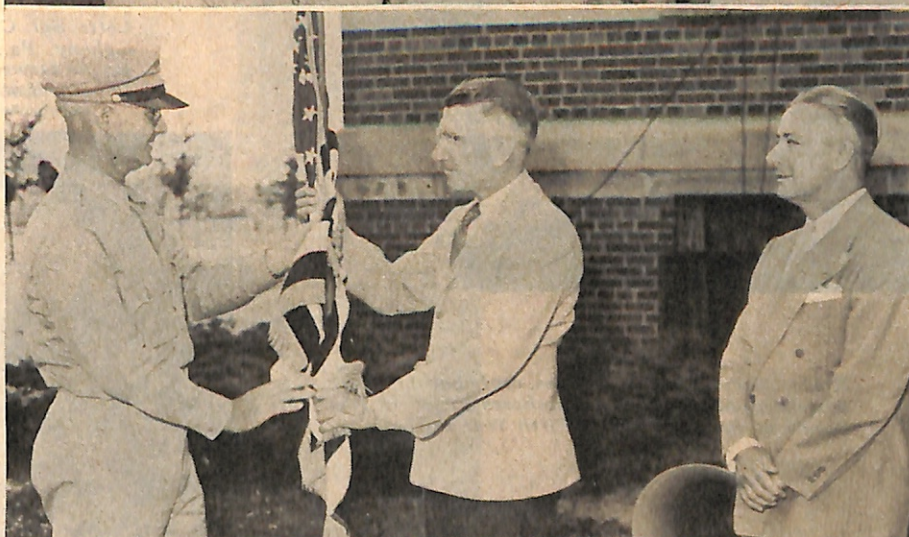


# THE Elks IN THE WAR

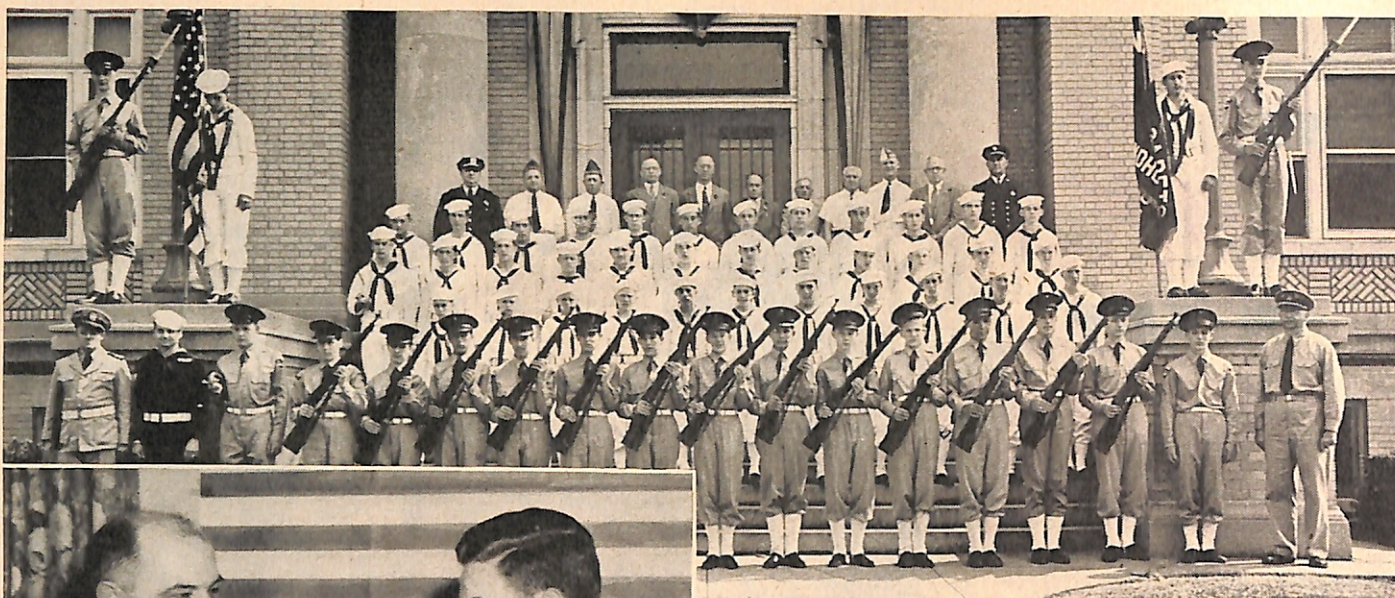
Right, above: At the Elks War Conference in Chicago were, left to right, standing: Chairman James R. Nicholson, of the Elks War Commission; Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan; Col. George E. Ijams, Assistant Administrator of Veterans Affairs; Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect Dr. Robert South Barrett, and, sitting, Brig. General Albert L. Sneed, U. S. Army Air Forces, and Rear Admiral Arthur S. Carpender, Commandant, Ninth Naval District, USN.

Right: Lt. Col. Paul A. Johnson, commanding officer of the A.A.F. base unit at Michigan State College, presents detachment colors to E.R. J. C. Wood, of Lansing, Mich., Lodge during recent de-activation ceremonies, as P.E.R. W. Harold Kramer looks on.

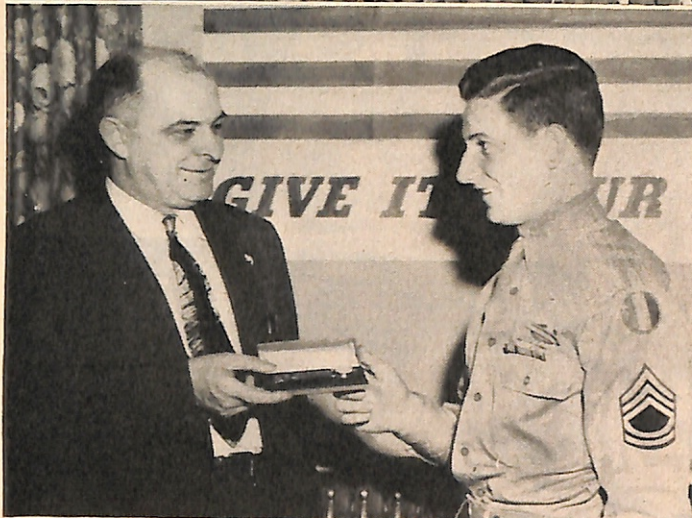
Below: Patients of the Long Beach Naval Hospital, photographed during an entertainment sponsored by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.







*Above: The Lyndhurst Nautical Cadets, a naval cadet crew sponsored by Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, with the Lodge officers.*



*Left: Sgt. Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, is pictured with Mayor D. Boone Dawson, a member of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, during his visit there.*

*Right: Secy. John G. Hedges, on behalf of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, purchases \$5,500 in War Bonds at the start of the Fifth War Loan Drive.*



*Below: Alameda, Calif., Lodge recently sponsored a most successful War Bond Drive of its own, selling well over \$300,000 worth of E Bonds.*







Above: Capt. (the Rev.) Albert J. Hoffmann, "the most decorated chaplain of World War II", is shown with his parents and brother as he was greeted at Dubuque, Ia., Lodge.

Below: The members of Marinette, Wis., Lodge have constructed this map, with corresponding names and numbers, to keep track of the locations of its Brothers in the Service.



Below: Somewhere in the Aleutians the members of the Order pictured here gather regularly to form an unchartered "Victory Lodge" of Elks.



Below: Patients at the Baxter General Hospital line up for free "cokes" which are dispensed one day a week through the courtesy of Spokane, Wash., Lodge.







Two of the much needed nurses in Veterans Hospitals assisting in blood transfusions and administering medication.

# 1,000 Nurses Needed Now!

**S**HORTAGES of personnel is a chronic national complaint.

One of the most critical personnel shortages in this Country today is felt by hospitals, and because of this shortage many lives may be lost.

This situation is alarming when we consider that 70,000 of America's sick and wounded veterans confined to 94 Veterans Hospitals in 44 States are waiting today for the comfort and aid which an additional 1,000 nurses might bring.

On the afternoon of August 2nd last, Colonel George E. Ijams, Assistant Administrator of the Veterans Administration, appeared before more than 1,700 delegates assembled in Chicago for the Eightieth Grand Lodge Session and asked that the Order help the Veterans Administration in the recruitment of 1,000 nurses vitally needed for the maintenance of these hospitals.

In his eloquent appeal, Colonel Ijams said, "The Veterans Administration is suffering from a loss of personnel to the Armed Forces and to war industries. This loss has affected every activity of our Administration both in our headquarters in Washington and in our numerous field offices and hospitals scattered throughout the Country. . . . Hospital work requires intimate personal attention to the individual pa-

The Elks War Commission takes pleasure in announcing the appointment of another overseas representative, whose duty it will be to coordinate the activities of and dispense information regarding the members of our Order who are serving their Country in western Australia.

This new representative, a member of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, is:

Charles G. Thielicke,  
c/o Lake View and Star Mine,  
Fimiston, Western Australia.

tient and it must be maintained at the highest possible degree of efficiency. . . . When I learned of the outstanding accomplishments of the Elks in assisting the War and Navy Departments in the recruitment of thousands of men for the Army Engineers and the Navy Sea Bees, it occurred to me that your splendid fraternity might be as successful in assisting the Veterans Administration in recruiting nurses for the Veterans Administration hospitals in all parts of the Country.

"WE NEED 1,000 NURSES IMMEDIATELY!—There are in America women who have been trained as nurses, dietitians, etc., and who are no longer fol-

lowing those vocations. Many are beyond the age which would enable them to join the Armed Forces. Some may have slight physical defects which would prevent them from serving with the Army or Navy. It is to this group that I should like (you) to appeal—If your great fraternity would take an active interest in our personal needs I feel confident, through your cooperation, we would soon secure all of the personnel we require to enable us to perform our work more expeditiously and more intelligently . . . You can perform a real service to our entire Country if you will keep fresh in the minds of all of our citizens the fact that those who come out of this conflict disabled as a result of their service should be cared for adequately. These men and women fought for the preservation of the constitutional government under which America has developed . . . Let us here and now resolve that we will do our utmost on the home front to assist in the care which a grateful Nation provides for the defenders of our Country: that we will do what we can to care for the families of those men now defending us in this global conflict and that we will preach and practice patriotic teamwork so essential to the final victory."

(Continued on page 38)



# ACTION IN OAKLAND!

THE leave-happy 18-year-old Seamen 2/c anxiously sought the Elks Fraternal Center which had been so enthusiastically recommended by a C.P.O. shipmate who had stopped there overnight when their carrier was in port a few months earlier.

Locating the Center, they approached the registration desk with a hesitancy which soon changed to a feeling of ease when they saw some fifty or so men wearing the uniforms of Canada, England and America.

"Guess Chief Fallon's okay, Ted," remarked his companion. "This does seem like a nice place. Let's register—if there's room."

The Chief's enthusiasm about Oakland, California, Lodge No. 171's dormitory was well founded. Thousands of servicemen had voiced similar praise, among them the commanding officer of the 12th Naval District who said that Oakland Lodge's Center was "the shiniest, cleanest, character dormitory in this Naval District. It's a home away from home."

And with a guest turnover of more than 10,000 during the first fifteen weeks—that's close to a hundred men a night!—it must indeed be "a home away from home". More recently, attendance has increased to the point where, on many nights, all 128 beds have been occupied and other sleeping accommodations had to be found for the overflow.

Oakland Lodge opened its impressive Center early in April of this year, and during the preceding few months of preparation the members had the wholehearted approval and full, inspiring cooperation of the W.P.B., W.M.C., California Welfare Council and various other commissions whose interest testified to the awareness of the necessity of releasing critical materials and operating labor in that equally critical war area. Further encouragement and support came from the U.S.O., American Red Cross, Council of Social Agencies and similar groups.

The hundreds of members of our fighting forces who attended the memorable opening of this cheerful haven in Oakland were greeted royally by Mayor John F. Slavich of Oakland, city and county officials, and high ranking officers of both branches of the Armed Services. No small measure of credit for the establishment of the dormitory is due to the untiring efforts of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, representing the Elks War Commission; Exalted Ruler H. Raymond Hall; Lew F. Galbraith, Chairman of the Oakland War Committee; the Brothers who serve

with him on the Committee: T. H. Lachelt, E. J. Livengood, Len Mayrisc, S. H. Wagener, E. J. Williams and F. J. Zinns, and the more than 2,000 members of Oakland Lodge.

Completion of the Center followed closely the three years of the lodge's

## Grand Lodge Resolution Promises Continuance and Extension of War Commission's Work

A strong indication of the continuing interest in the many programs so successfully sponsored by the Elks War Commission was a Resolution unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge in Chicago.

Following Chairman James R. Nicholson's report to the 80th Grand Lodge Session on August 2nd, the more than 1700 delegates resolved that an additional voluntary contribution of \$1 per capita be turned over to the Elks War Commission to be used in the continuance of its present activities and to broaden its Hospital Service Program.

active and highly commendable participation in the Elks War Commission's Refresher Courses in which 700 17-year-olds from Oakland realized an opportunity to prepare for service in the Army Air Corps. A few of the young men who took the initial Refresher Course there have since distinguished themselves in combat in Africa where they volunteered for exceptionally difficult missions which were executed with complete success. Now Oakland Lodge and its War Commission are planning to make available such assistance as these boys may need when they come home again.

Centrally located in a city which contains the chief bases of both the Army and Navy for that part of the coastal area, Oakland Lodge's dormitory fills a need that goes far to make the serviceman's visit to that city a pleasant one. It strengthens a fellow's morale when a warm welcome is sincerely extended to him to rest for the night between crisp, snow-white sheets on a comfortable bed; to enjoy an invigorating shower, and to share unreservedly, in club-like atmosphere, the comforts of a quiet lounge generously furnished with magazines, newspapers from home, and stationery—all the "little things" that really are quite big.

Oakland Lodge's record of participation in the many programs embraced by the Elks War Commission is outstanding testimony of their attention, even devotion, to the serviceman's comfort. It is constant.



Oakland Lodge's Fraternal Center is "home away from home" for our boys in the Armed Services.



# Under the ANTLERS



## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

**ALAMEDA, CALIF.** In honor of its 150 members in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, Alameda Lodge No. 1015 launched a War Bond Drive of its own on July 1, determined to sell to or through the lodge members \$1,000 in Bonds for each member in the Services. The last tabulation of results on July 10, the official closing day of the Drive, showed that not only had the lodge succeeded in reaching its goal but that it had actually doubled it by selling \$300,980 worth of E Bonds, and this with several thousands of dollars worth not yet officially checked in.

Just how good the job was can be better realized when the total membership of Alameda Lodge, 1,050 members at that time, is considered. P.E.R. H. D. Maynard, Chairman of the Committee and the moving factor behind the idea, was largely responsible for the success of the campaign. Assisting him were a committee of 40 prominent citizens and the officers of the lodge headed by E.R. Norman C. Allinger. All during the time the Drive was in progress, the beautiful home of No. 1015 was decorated with flags and on the lawns were displayed two Grumman Wildcats that had seen service in the South Pacific.

**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.** News has been received of the death on July 23 at the family home near Lebanon, Mo., of the noted minstrel man, Clint Draper. Mr. Draper was a member of Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309 for more than 35 years. He died at the age of 72.

For twenty years Mr. Draper was engaged in the business of staging benefit minstrel shows for the Elks in almost every State in the Union, and with such success that he returned to many lodges as many as a dozen times. His career in the field of entertainment began when the famous Haverly Mastodon Minstrels Company was entertained after a performance by Colorado Springs Lodge and young Draper was called upon to give a song and dance. This led to his being invited to join the Haverly company. His rise to prominence was rapid.

The shows produced by Mr. Draper for the Elks were of the highest quality. Integrity, tolerance and friendliness were his leading characteristics.

*Below is part of the huge throng of delegates who attended the 1944 War Conference of the Grand Lodge in Chicago.*

**SUNBURY, PA.** Sunbury Lodge No. 267 paced the campaign for the new \$225,000 community hospital when its members voted to contribute \$10,000 to the drive from treasury funds of the lodge. The motion carried without a dissenting vote. In addition, the Elks' Ladies Auxiliary pledged \$2,500.

Sunbury Lodge was instrumental in the building of the modern operating room now in use at the hospital.

**OREGON STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION.** To assist the Navy in its intensive campaign to recruit Waves, thereby releasing men for sea duty and overseas service, the Oregon State Elks Association has sponsored the setting up of billboards blanketing the State, and in addition is following through by helping to compile lists of Wave prospects in each community. Harry E. Nicholson, of Astoria Lodge, Past State President, reports excellent progress, thanks to the splendid spirit of cooperation of the subordinate lodges and hard work on the part of the State Association officers.

The program is the second major project undertaken by the Oregon Elks relative to enlistment of personnel for the Armed Forces. Last year the Order of Elks was appointed a nation-wide recruiting agency for the procurement of Navy Seabees and Army Engineers. It was the great success of that campaign that led to the launching of the Wave program.

Much credit for the gratifying results must be given Exalted Ruler Harry B. Simpson, of Portland Lodge No. 142, State Chairman of the Elks War Committee.

Lieutenant Commander John F. Biehler, officer in charge of the Oregon Navy Recruiting District, has extended his thanks and appreciation to the State Association for assistance in the Wave procurement campaign. He assured the Association officials that results have been and will continue to be far-reaching on the strength of the billboards and prospect-gathering activities.

**TOPEKA, KANS.** A beautiful memorial clock has been presented to Topeka Lodge No. 204 by Mrs. Lucy O. Shook, mother of Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, who died February 28, 1944.

Mr. Shook served three consecutive







Above: The officers of Tri-Cities, Tex., Lodge are shown with the Kellogg Elks, members of the Order employed by the M. W. Kellogg Construction Co., when an elk's head was presented to one of Texas' youngest lodges by the Kellogg group.



Left: San Diego, Calif., Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, John M. Dodge, center, is congratulated by members of his Lodge on his 91st birthday.

terms as Exalted Ruler of Topeka Lodge. He was District Deputy for Kansas, East, in 1933-34 and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1939-40. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Topeka Lodge in which he held a life membership.

**CHARLESTON, W. VA.** Sergeant Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, one of the outstanding heroes of World War II and holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Silver Star, was the guest of Charleston Lodge No. 202 on two occasions this past summer. Accompanied by W. E. Connell, Jr., local newspaperman and a member of Charleston

Lodge, Sgt. Kelly attended a regular lodge meeting, after which he described some of his thrilling war experiences in Italy.

The heroic young infantryman made such a fine impression during his visit that Secretary Ira D. Maynor arranged an informal party for him the next week. During the festivities, P.E.R. D. Boone Dawson, Mayor of Charleston, presented the Commando with a valuable wrist watch, a gift from some 40 members of the lodge. Sgt. Kelly is a life member of Allegheny, (Pittsburgh), Pa., Lodge, No. 339.



Left: At Oswego, N. Y., Lodge's 50th Anniversary Celebration were, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, P.D.D. Dearborn V. Hardie, Past State Pres. James H. Mackin, Grand Trustee George I. Hall and E.R. Harry E. Lee.

Below: Those who were present at the dinner celebrating the burning of the mortgage on the home of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge. This banquet was also attended by Grand Trustee George Hall and Judge James T. Hallinan.







Above is the "Billy Vinci Class" which was initiated into Medford, Mass., Lodge by a Degree Team made up of distinguished Massachusetts Elks, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, and Past Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady.

Right: Members of Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge, as they obviously enjoyed watching the burning of the \$20,000 mortgage on their Lodge home.



**BRADFORD, PA.** As the 18th annual tonsil clinic sponsored by Bradford Lodge No. 234 neared completion, C. B. McVay and Joseph A. Allegretti, co-chairmen of the Elks Charity and Community Welfare Committee, announced that, with operations performed on 35 children, the total number of such operations was brought to well over 600. All of the work has been performed at the Bradford Hospital by local surgeons who are members of No. 234. All expenses are borne by the lodge. Names of needy children are supplied by members or other residents of the community and each case is properly investigated. The Committee also announced that through the generosity of the lodge five children would attend the Salvation Army summer camp. Other activities

of the Committee include the autumn distribution of shoes, rubbers, stockings and clothing among about 250 worthy families and needy children.

A comprehensive report of the local committee of the Elks War Commission has been submitted by the co-chairmen, James F. Butterworth and Albert A. Griffin, and the committee authorized to prepare for the early sending of Christmas packages to the 60 or so members serving in the Armed Forces. Bradford Lodge has been given an

"Award of Merit" certificate by the Grand Lodge for its special activities in the "Write 'Em A Letter" campaign and another for securing recruits in the various branches of the Services during recruitment campaigns. The resolution to buy a War Bond at every lodge meeting for the duration has been complied with, resulting in purchases up to the present time of \$41,000 in Series F Bonds.

**MILLVILLE, N. J.** The 22nd annual outing, given at Wildwood by the Crip-

Right: Officers of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge present a \$2,000 check to an official of the Boy Scouts of America to provide summer vacations for Scouts of the vicinity.



Below are members of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge who comprise the Kitchen Committee which has done so much to make the Lodge's dinners the success they are.







*Above are Elks who were initiated into the Order at the institution of Paintsville, Ky., Lodge by a Degree Team made up of Ashland, Ky., Elks.*

pled Kiddies Committee of Millville Lodge No. 580, was attended by approximately 1,200 persons. The caravan traveled with police escort.

The usual stop was made at Cape May Court House, and at Wildwood the party was welcomed by city officials, headed by Mayor Raymond F. Goodwin, and presented with the "golden key" to the city. The annual dinner at the Hotel Blackstone was followed by a delightful entertainment program at Convention Hall.

**PENNA. N.E. DISTRICT.** The part that Elks of the Pennsylvania Northeast District are taking in the war effort was brought out at a quarterly meeting held in the home of East Stroudsburg Lodge No. 319. President Dr. Charles V. Hogan, of Pottsville, presided. About 100 members were in attendance, thirteen of the nineteen lodges being represented.

The visitors were welcomed by E.R. William C. Sunday. The newly appointed District Deputy for Pa., N.E., James G. Meighan, Wilkes-Barre, introduced by P.D.D. J. G. Thumm, of Shenandoah,

spoke. John C. Bell, P.E.R. of Easton Lodge, reported 762 members of the Order in the District serving in the Armed Forces, the purchase of \$300,000 worth of War Bonds by the district lodges, an expenditure of more than \$20,000 for charitable activities and a membership increase of 561. Also heard from were Chairmen Dr. William Haverkost, Jr., Mahanoy City, of the War Committee, Col. Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston, of the Interlodge Committee, and L. H. Cross, East Stroudsburg, of the Membership Committee.

**DUBUQUE, IA.** Home from the war on a 30-day leave, having served since 1941, Captain (the Rev.) Albert J. Hoffmann, the "most decorated chaplain of World War II", was given a tumultuous welcome by 5,000 fellow citizens at the home of Dubuque Lodge No. 297. Father

Hoffmann, who prior to enlistment was assistant pastor at Sacred Heart Parish, addressed the huge throng from the south portico as a prelude to the Navy War Bond Show sponsored by the War Commission of the lodge and featuring the crack 28-piece band from the *USS Helena*. When the *Helena* was sunk in Tula Bay more than a year ago, several of the bandmen were in the water for three days and nights before rescue. E.R. Melvin P. Nowlin announced the purchase of \$5,000 worth of War Bonds by Dubuque Lodge during the program.

When Capt. Hoffmann was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary bravery in Italy, General Norman T. Kirk, who made the presentation, read the following citation:

"During a battalion attack up a steep and rocky mountain slope, an assault company was caught in a concentrated and continuous artillery barrage. Heavy casualties were suffered. Chaplain Hoffmann immediately proceeded to the area. Disregarding the shelling, he gave first aid and comfort to the wounded and administered to the dying. During the action he was wounded about the face, yet he remained to direct the evacuation of casualties, constantly under fire. For three hours he performed his hazardous task and while attempting to remove the dead, he was injured by an anti-personnel mine, causing the loss of his left foot. Chaplain Hoffmann's courageous actions were an inspiration to the men in the battle and his conduct reflects highest credit upon himself and the Chaplains Corps of the United States Army."

Father Hoffmann's heroism in the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns brought him two more decorations, the Silver Star and the Purple Heart.

**SEDALIA, MO.** Sedalia Lodge No. 125 aided greatly in putting over the city's recent War Loan Drive. Evidence of this fact lies in the final report on the Drive. Although the quota for the area was \$895,000, the million-dollar mark was passed within a very short time.

Sedalia Lodge has donated the use of its home for various civic enterprises, and every few months, when the blood donor program is in progress, the building is turned over to Red Cross workers in order that they may perform their duties successfully with better facilities.

**"VICTORY LODGE."** Somewhere in the Aleutians, an unchartered "Victory

*Above, left: When Brainerd, Minn., Lodge destroyed its \$143,000 mortgage, D.D. L. W. Cleveland and State Pres. William P. Paley were among the distinguished Elks present.*

*Left: More than 100 Elks and their guests attended the "Fish Fry" held by Florence, Ala., Lodge recently.*





*Right: The officers of Newark, N. Y., Lodge recently entertained Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Trustee George I. Hall, P.D.D. D. V. Hardie and Past State Pres. J. H. Mackin.*

Lodge" is holding regular meetings.

Among the thousands of men in our fighting forces and construction units in the Islands are many members of the Order in good standing. Through the energetic and inspired leadership of P.E.R. Charles D. Davis, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, a meeting of Elks was held on July 9 in a Quanset hut. An improvised altar was arranged, with all of the ritualistic accouterments and a beaver board replica of the Spreading Antlers. From memory Mr. Davis provided a Ritual for each station. Lodges in every section of the United States were represented. After the meeting, the usual fraternal get-together was held around a festive board, well supplied by Al Stamps, of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420.

Regular meetings of the "Victory Lodge" were scheduled and Harry D. Sloan, of Seattle Lodge, was elected Exalted Ruler. He is being ably assisted by an enthusiastic staff of officers. The names of 31 Elks appeared on the first list of registrants.

**GAINESVILLE, GA.** Gainesville Lodge No. 1126 has accomplished a great deal during the past year. The lodge donated \$500 to the Red Cross and the same amount to the War Fund Drive, contributed \$200 to the Elks War Commission to carry on its work and sent fifty "G" Boxes to its members in the Armed Forces.

At a War Bond Party held by No. 1126, purchases made by members showed a total of \$33,000. The lodge itself owns \$11,000 worth of War Bonds.

**LANSFORD, PA.** The "Dr. Marvin Evans Class" of 29 candidates was initiated recently by Lansford Lodge No. 1337. E.R. John P. Mitchell relinquished the Chair to P.E.R. Alex Gibson who performed the ceremonies with the assistance of fellow officers. Dr. Evans, assistant surgeon of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co., was instrumental in enrolling most of the candidates.

A number of visiting Elks from Tam-

*Right: The members of Trenton, N. J., Lodge recently tendered a dinner to P.E.R. Albert E. Dearden on his retirement as Secretary after 26 years. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and State Pres. William J. McCormack were among the dignitaries of the Order who attended.*

*Below are thirty members of a class which was recently initiated into Uniontown, Pa., Lodge.*



aqua and Hazleton attended the meeting and the stag social session held later.

**BLUE ISLAND, ILL.** Blue Island Lodge No. 1331 voted recently to create a \$5,000 fund for the rehabilitation of service men. Another affirmative vote authorized an assessment of a dollar per member for the Elks National War Commission Fund to which the members had already contributed \$868. More than 60 members of the lodge are in the Services.

**SUPERIOR, WIS.** In support of the Fifth War Loan Drive, a program sponsored by Superior Lodge No. 403, with the assistance of the other fraternal organizations of the city, began with a patriotic parade and ended at an outdoor stadium where more than 5,000 people were assembled. P.E.R. Thomas W. Foley delivered the main address, and Alex Soroka, of Superior Lodge, gave the history of the Flag. Chairman Clarence Sauter

opened the meeting and ceremonies were conducted by Exalted Ruler W. R. Bolton and his officers. G. M. Haugner, a member of No. 403, directed the singing.

The program was concluded with the presentation of the Stars and Stripes to the Coast Guard. After the program, a War Bond auction was held. Twelve Bonds, totaling \$37,000, were sold and a dozen pairs of pre-war nylon stockings were presented to the twelve Bond buyers as a premium.

**LONG BEACH, CALIF.** Of paramount importance on the wartime program of Long Beach Lodge No. 888 is the presentation at Long Beach Naval Hospital of the finest type of professional entertainment to be found in Hollywood. The first show, put on at the Hospital many months ago, was received with patent approval. As long as the patients want them, and apparently they do, the lodge will continue the good work.

*(Continued on page 51)*







Anyone who knows  
can tell  
the REAL THING!

**M**AYBE this deer's suspicious sniff will give you a hint of how our friends react when they encounter a "stand-in" for Calvert whiskey.

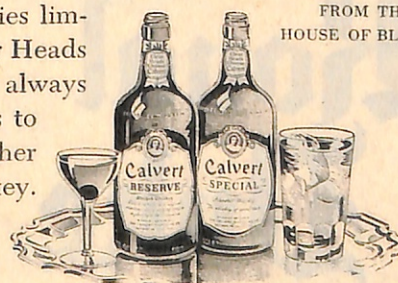
Calvert, you know, is the real thing. *Its magnificent pre-war quality has never changed. Nor has the preference for Calvert changed, although other whiskeys have been more plentiful during the shortage.*



In fact, many of the people who sell and serve Calvert tell us—"Calvert continues to be the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Evidently, even with supplies limited, it remains true that Clear Heads Choose Calvert. You may not always be able to get it...but it pays to keep asking for the *best* rather than the most *plentiful* whiskey.

AMERICA'S FINEST  
BLENDED WHISKIES —  
FROM THE  
HOUSE OF BLENDS!



Today, more than ever...

# CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE CALVERT

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special"—60% Grain Neutral Spirits



# DO

**You Think  
of Your Throat  
and Lungs?**



**PUR-O-MATIC  
BIT**

*Exclusive with  
Royal Duke*

**SCIENTIFICALLY  
DESIGNED TO TRAP  
IMPURITIES**



*You Owe it to Yourself  
to have its protection*

# Royal Duke

Standard \$1.50 De Luxe \$2.50 Supreme \$3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.  
York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York

## Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 12)

Having returned to Rapid City, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his next official visit to **RAPID CITY LODGE NO. 1187**. Prior to the meeting, a banquet was served to 250 guests. The beautiful lodge room was packed to the doors when the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. His subject was "Rehabilitation of Elks in the Service" and he urged the adoption of the "Alexandria Plan" to provide for members of the Order when they return to civil life. Assurances were given that Rapid City Lodge would immediately plan a rehabilitation program. Following the meeting, Dr. Barrett spoke over KOBH on the "Purposes of Elkdom." Before he left the city on the following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler joined the members of the lodge in attending the funeral of Henry Bauer, a loyal member of the lodge who had been killed in an automobile accident.

Arriving at Chadron, Neb., on August 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett was given one of the most colorful receptions ever held in that city. Officers and members of **CHADRON LODGE NO. 1399** in western outfits, mounted on cow ponies, met him at the train together with hundreds of Sioux Indians in war paint, buckskin and feathers, who came from nearby reservations to greet the distinguished visitors. In a parade that wound its way through the streets from the railway station to the lodge home were bands, Indians, cowboys and stage coaches, one of which was a real old-time western stage, a relic of the Sidney-Deadwood Stage Line. Officers and members of the local lodge and **ALLIANCE LODGE NO. 961** and **SCOTTSBLUFF LODGE NO. 1367** participated. The Indians held a powwow in front of the home, formally adopted Dr. Barrett as a member of the Sioux Tribe, presented him with a war bonnet of eagle feathers and gave him the name of "Acka-Tan-Ka" (Chief White Elk). A war dance followed. Sioux Chief Black Elk took part in the ceremonies and welcomed the newcomer to the tribe.

This was the first time a Grand Exalted Ruler had ever visited Chadron Lodge. A reception and a banquet were held at the lodge home. At the lodge meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler complimented the members on their lodge's splendid record since its institution and assisted the officers in burning the mortgage on the attractive home, erected three years ago. The ceremonies were held under the direction of charter member G. T. H. Babcock, who served as No. 1399's first Exalted Ruler. At a dinner of the Past Exalted Rulers Association, Dr. Barrett was elected an honorary member. The presentation of a handsome gift from the lodge to the Grand Exalted Ruler marked the end of the festivities.

On August 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited **ALLIANCE** and **SCOTTSBLUFF LODGES** en route for Cheyenne. Scottsbluff Lodge, also visited for the first time by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, entertained at luncheon at which were present the Mayors of Scottsbluff and Greeley, and the officers of all the service clubs of both cities. The members of the local lodge met Dr. Barrett at the city limits and escorted him through the city which was gaily decorated for the occasion.

At Cheyenne, Wyo., a banquet and an evening meeting were held at which 300 members of **CHEYENNE LODGE NO. 660** were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler discussed plans for the entertainment of invalided soldiers and sailors in Government hospitals. He was presented with a handsome "Stetson" hat of cowboy design.

**OGDEN, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 719**, was host at the District Deputy Conference which was attended by all of the Deputies from the western section of the country as well

as the Presidents of the Utah, Oregon and Arizona State Elks Associations. The Grand Exalted Ruler was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, representing *The Elks Magazine* and the Elks War Commission, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, representing the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his program for the year and the three Past Grand Exalted Rulers present discussed phases of the Order's work in which they are actively interested. Members of the official party were guests of Ogden Lodge at dinner at which time the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a calfskin vest. A visit to Bushnell General Hospital at Brigham, Utah, where **SALT LAKE CITY LODGE NO. 85** has started a fine program of entertainment for the patients there, completed the day.

On his return to Chicago, the Grand Exalted Ruler spent a few hours at headquarters and then left for Georgia where at the home of **ATLANTA LODGE NO. 78** the second of the District Deputy Conferences was held. Mr. Malley again represented the Elks National Foundation and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, represented the Elks War Commission. Grand Secretary Masters detailed information regarding the workings of his office. Also present at the Conference was Osborne B. Bond, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, Business Manager of *The Elks Magazine*, who spoke on the subject of the Magazine.

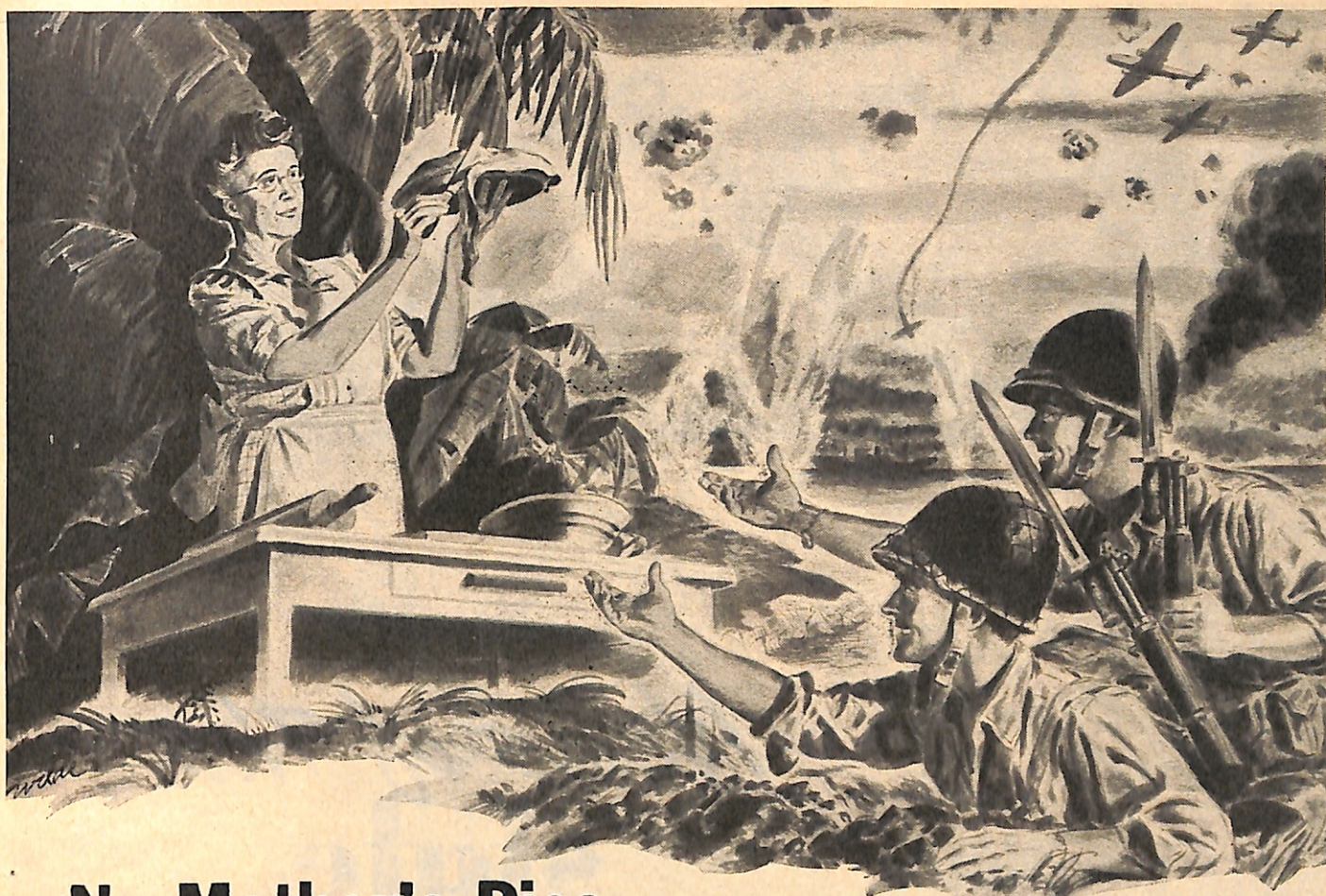
On the evening prior to the Atlanta Conference, members of the official party were dinner guests of a lodge located in a suburb of Atlanta, **BUCKHEAD LODGE NO. 1635**. Initiation ceremonies followed. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a War Bond and he and the other guests spoke on various phases of Elkdom. In the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by the Grand Lodge officers, District Deputies and members of **ATLANTA LODGE**, placed a wreath on the grave of the late Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. During the simple ceremonies Dr. Barrett said: "I place this wreath on the grave of a devoted friend, a loyal Elk and a splendid Christian gentleman. It can be truly said of Walter Andrews: 'None knew him but to love him.'" On the return from the cemetery, a stop was made at "Aidmore," the convalescent home for crippled children, maintained by the Georgia State Elks Association, which now houses some fifty boys and girls.

On August 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Richmond, Va., where he was an honored guest at the largely attended meeting of the **VIRGINIA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION**. He was greeted at the train by an enthusiastic crowd of Virginia Elks. A busy program filled the next two days, including a banquet given by the officers of the State Association, a luncheon, dance and barbecue at which **RICHMOND LODGE NO. 45** was host, and a visit to the newly constructed McGuire Army Hospital where a plaque was hung in the sun parlor furnished by Richmond Lodge. At the meeting of the Association, the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined his program which was approved by a unanimous vote.

On the evening of August 22, the official party, accompanied by a large number of Virginia Elks, went to Petersburg where **PETERSBURG LODGE NO. 237** was host at a barbecue. The principal event at the meeting was the presentation to Rennie L. Arnold, of Petersburg Lodge, of his credentials as District Deputy for Va., East.

(Continued on page 51)





## No Mother's Pies for those G. I.'s — But —

**N**ATURALLY, you mothers and wives and sisters would like to be over there seeing to it that your boys have that good home cooking. For it's a long jump from K rations to strawberry shortcake.

But, though you can't cook for them, you can do this: you can help see to it that the food they get is in perfect condition! How? By doing everything you possibly can to save paper and to aid your storekeeper in saving paper.

For it's paper and paperboard, tons and tons of it, which protect our food shipments to the Army overseas. From paperboard containers so strong they can be dumped overboard from a landing craft and floated ashore, to the thin moistureproof paper used to keep the individual food item moistureproof — paper is doing a tremendous job for the Services of Supply all around the world. And of course, we still need tons and

tons of paper for essential civilian use.

That's why — with only a limited supply of paper pulp to draw upon for both war and civilian use — the government asks you to use less paper, help your local store people to use less paper by not indulging in special or extra wrappings for your purchases and last, but far from least, asks you to save every bit of scrap paper for your community paper salvage drive.

*Remember—*  
**PAPER IS  
WAR POWER**



**USE LESS PAPER — SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER**

This advertisement contributed by this publication and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.





Above: The new officers of the Oregon State Elks Assn. who were elected at the meeting in Grants Pass recently.

## CONNECTICUT

The 15th annual convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association was held on Sunday afternoon, June 11th, in the home of Derby Lodge No. 571. The Secretary's report showed a fine increase in membership by 18 of the 25 lodges of the State, a total of 585 new members. The number of Connecticut Elks in the Services was reported, as was also the number of those who made the supreme sacrifice.

Presentation of the Scholarship Awards was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The first, second and third prize winners were as follows: Phyllis M. Little, \$125; Marjorie Elizabeth Vosgian, \$75; Patricia McGowan, \$50.

The purchase of \$2,000 in War Bonds, recommended by the Trustees, was voted upon in the affirmative. Election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, resulting as follows: Pres., Clarence J. McCarthy, Rockville; 1st Vice-Pres., Edward J. Daly, Bridgeport; 2nd Vice-Pres., James M. Reardon, New

(Continued on page 51)

Right: Among the Elk dignitaries who attended the recent Connecticut State Assn. Convention were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and John F. Malley, and Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, shown here with Connecticut State officers.

Below is the Team of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, which this year won the State Ritualistic Contest for the second consecutive time.

# News of The state associations







## Thinking Americans Today...

### ARE NOT TOO FREE WITH FREE SPEECH

Since our republic was founded, no privilege has been guarded more jealously than the right to talk things over—a right for which men had fought in vain for centuries. The more viewpoints discussed, the clearer our national vision and the stronger our national unity.

Today, public opinion in America asks us all to protect our privilege. It warns us

against spreading rumors thoughtlessly or circulating information helpful to the enemy. It urges us to challenge the person with "inside information on the war" by asking him, "Where did you get your facts?" It reminds us that the enemy lays important plans by piecing together little scraps of offhand information. *There is no such thing as unimportant gossip.*

\* \* \*

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

# Budweiser

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S



*When a product maintains the character that people respect, they are quick to demand it. Generations ago, the makers of Budweiser set a standard—distinctive in taste, pure, good and distinguished for its uniform quality. That's why people everywhere have agreed that Budweiser is "something more than beer". No wonder it is the most popular beer in history.*



## At Home in the Jungle

(Continued from page 9)



This Aristocrat of liqueurs is delicious, delightful, delectable—before dinner—after dinner—anytime. It is incomparable as a "Gift of the Gods." Forbidden Fruit will please the most discriminating. 70 proof

## JACQUIN'S CORDIALS

Since 1884 Jacquin's quality Cordials have been lauded for their unusual character and consistent "goodness." Their distinctive flavors are inimitable. In Jacquin's you will find cordials at their glorious best.



★★★ BRANDY  
84 PROOF



APRICOT FL. BRANDY  
70 PROOF



DE ST. DOMINIC  
80 PROOF

MADE BY  
CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie, Inc.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
MAKERS OF QUALITY CORDIALS SINCE 1884

PRIZES AWARDED FORBIDDEN FRUIT



PARIS - 1906

GOSDOLUX - 1907

LONDON - 1908

home-made fudge has won him camp-wide fame.

"Squiffy" uses a recipe of his own invention. A small amount of butter, a tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt are added to cocoa powder and vanilla extract. Mix well in a canteen cup. Cook in a small can for fifteen minutes. Pour into your mess kit and let it harden. When "Squiffy" isn't in a fudge-making mood, even the officers are grievously disappointed.

Native fruits also provide "home" snacks. Pawpaws bought from natives at the cost of one used razor blade each, make luscious, thirst-quenching refreshment. Natives also supply very green banana stalks, which G.I.'s place in barracks bags and hang from the tent pole to hasten the ripening process.

Cookies and sweets from home are quickly consumed, as the ants in Guinea have absolutely no respect for private property. Even biscuits wrapped in cardboard and wax paper aren't safe. Night-raiding field rats will hurdle the shelves, tear the container to bits and polish off the cookies.

For revenge, one soldier put some sweets on the upper end of a plank balanced above a water barrel. He explained his "better mouse trap" to incredulous comrades. When the rat ran up the plank for food, he would tip it and himself by his weight into the barrel and would drown. This Rube Goldberg invention earned cries of derision, until dawn revealed one large and very much drowned rat in the barrel.

The tent washroom sometimes is a washstand built against a tree, but more frequently the soldier's bucket-like steel helmet. Water is hauled from the river during dry spells, and during wet weather it's obtained by placing a bucket beneath the edge of a tent flap. A good many soldiers prefer to do their shaving sitting down on their cots, with their helmets full of water, and mirrors nailed to corner posts.

For the bath proper, soldiers have their choice of the swiftflowing brown river, or cement-floored showers pumped up through a pipeline from the river. The major problem at either bathing point is still the same: how to get your shoes and socks on without getting your feet dirty. (Just try it sometime.)

There are two schools of thought here on the laundry problem, just as there are (or used to be) at home. One group holds that washing clothes is a cinch, and there's no sense paying for laundry. The other, perhaps less ambitious, group believes there's no percentage in wearing yourself out when clean duds can be had for a few shillings. The self-launders, in turn, are a house divided. Half of them let the laundry pile up, then boil the lot in a halved gasoline drum, rinse and hang out to dry. The other half find it simpler to take their clothes in swim-

ming with them. A few matter-of-fact G.I.'s make a practice of diving in fully clothed except for shoes, using their own bodies as washing boards.

For those (generally city boys) who prefer to pay for their laundry, one of the cooks has set up a laundry service which he attends to on his days off. With clothes-lines of field wire, and halved gasoline drums for boilers, he does a thriving business, averaging about 5½ pounds (roughly \$19) a day. Prices range from 45c for a uniform to 4½c for a pair of socks. When asked what he intended doing with the fortune he was accumulating, the cook replied with a sigh, "Man—six months in Havana!"

Chief spare-time hobby of the boys is making souvenirs. Some are so proficient that demand forces them into large-scale production. One of the most attractive gadgets they've devised is a letter opener in the shape of a sickle. The handle is a Jap .25 calibre rifle shell, split at the head. The blade, soldered into the head, is a .75 millimeter artillery shell, flattened, curved and sharpened with a hammer and cold chisel. The more artistic metalsmiths then engrave their blades with the name of New Guinea. For this half-day's handiwork, prices paid average a pound (\$3.22) and up.

Coin bracelets for Yanks enjoyed a lengthy vogue in the jungle. At first the currency used was Australian, with a florin the centerpiece, flanked by shillings and thrippence pieces. Links were made by cutting thrippences with tin shears and bending them to shape. When the first Jap currency was captured, Jap coin bracelets quickly edged the Australian variety out of popularity.

Our amateur jewelers are no less skillful in making rings. For days on end the camp would resound with the monotonous clank of hammers on coin edges. When the coin's rim was flattened sufficiently, the inside would be cut away, and the ring filed and sandpapered. Rings have also been made of plastic glass secured from wrecked plane windows, and of aluminum (pronounced and spelled "al-u-min-ium" in Australia) from shot-down Zeros. Zero aluminum watch straps still command a good price.

No self-respecting jungle Army town can be without its "barber shoppe". At present our coiffeur artiste, an Alabama man of the soil with two clippers and a scissors, is planning to expand his quarters for the comfort of his clients. He is hard at work mounting a swivel seat (pivoting on a tent spike) on a log stump. Cost of a ride in the seat and a trim—two shillings (30c). For a while "Alabama" was short of customers, when Gay-Ninety sideburns and freak beards became stylish. "That wuzn't so bad," he moans. "But them pointy mustaches!"

Pets have always helped make an



Army camp home-like. Ever since we've been overseas, pets have suddenly appeared in the outfit—and just as abruptly disappeared. In Australia our unit owned a cockatoo, a wallaby, and a Sydney Silkie poodle. During our first hitch in Guinea a new pet rage developed—flying squirrels. The boys would chase them from one coconut tree to another, banging at the base of the trees with sledge hammers to frighten the squirrels into flying off, and eventually tiring them out.

Those who caught squirrels kept them in their shirt pockets, flaps buttoned. One placed his pet in a stationery file on his desk. A book absently jammed into the file ended the companionship. One of the oddest pets was a large green mantis which rode on one Yank's shoulder. It was so tame it ate crumbs from his fingers. One day while the Yank was washing his mess kit in boiling water, the mantis slipped and fell in.

The weirdest pet of all was the small native boy adopted by an Air Corps major as Group mascot. He wore a gold eagle emblem suspended around his neck, rode in jeeps and even planes. He had such a wonderful time of it, all told, that when his mother came to claim her pickaninny back, the little mascot pulled a knife on her and made it quite clear he was contented where he was.

No community is complete without its movie, and ours is no exception. The screen is rigged up on a metal frame, and the theater is a grass-roofed construction. If you're not particular, you can sit on the ground. Most Yanks bring seats of some kind—cans, boxes, log stumps, even cots. A group of G.I.'s will bring in two boxes and lay a board between them, turning two seats into five. One or two soldiers have managed to secure airplane cushions, and have built themselves a kind of tilted chair with legs. Lolling back at a comfortable angle, and resting on their cushions, they are even more comfortable than they would be in a States cinema palace.

Needless to say, at this stage of the game it takes more than a screaming siren to seduce the movie-lovers from their seats. When the red alert sounds, hardly anyone budges . . . until the drone of motors is heard. After that it's every man for himself.

At the time of writing, an enlisted man's club is in the process of being formed, with a large grass recreation hut as club quarters. At present the nearest thing to a club is Tent Number Seven, which bears the sign: "Section 8 Club" and the signatures of its members. "Section Eight", for those uninitiated in Army terminology, represents the Army's regulations concerning the mentally unbalanced. "Bucking for a Section Eight" is acting "troppo" or "jungle happy" to get a discharge on the grounds of insanity . . . a standard

gag in any jungle outfit.

Inveterate music-lovers, Yanks aren't stopped by the lack of musical instruments. One of them in our outfit made a fine-sounding banjo out of a powdered-milk can, telephone wires, box wood and the handle of a toothbrush for a bridge. Burning holes in the wood, he set his plugs in, attached his wires. Pieces of Jap Zeros supplied his frets. His bunkmate, another Arkansas boy, accompanies his hillbilly numbers with a squeally but determined fiddle.

Writing letters home is a major part of home life in the jungle. To a good many soldiers the job is an ordeal, as they can think of nothing to say that the censor won't pounce on. When one Yank in a tent has the gift of filling out two or three pages innocuously, the letter is passed around and copied by his less imaginative companions. Other gifted writers in the platoon are sought after by soldiers with important letters to write sympathy notes, notes to fickle or indecisive inamoratas, etc. The average Yank is a whiz at doing or talking, but suffers deep torture when compelled to take his pen in hand.

At home or abroad, the G.I. never loses his native love for sports. In Guinea he has built himself basketball courts out of logs and packing wood, ping-pong tables out of plywood and lumber. Special sports kits supplied by Special Services provide the necessary equipment for volley ball and baseball.

Although almost every unit has one radio at least, soldiers miss the home comfort of a radio near their beds. One group dug up a loudspeaker, ran a wire to one of the radios in operation, and now enjoys the enviable luxury of listening to news from home while reclining on their cots. Our base, to further the community spirit, has just announced that a radio program on a special frequency will be put on featuring local talent for the entertainment of all units in the area.

The secret of G.I. Joe's remarkable adaptability to his bizarre and difficult environment is simply his natural desire to recreate for himself the things he has left behind . . . the things that stand for home. If he can't be at home, he does the next best thing and makes himself at home.

The whole picture somehow sums itself up best in the two Yanks I saw on Christmas Eve who were entertaining the boys in the mess hall. They were dancing hot jitterbug steps together, to harmonica accompaniment and the enthusiastic laughter of the soldiers. One of the dancers, dressed in oversized denims like Yank Magazine's famed "Sad Sack", called out joyfully: "Boy, you reek with sharpness!"

"That's the truth," his partner panted. "But ain't this a hell of a note, though—Brooklyn hep cats jiving in the jungle on Christmas Eve!"

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# Rod AND Gun



**Mr. T. makes a dear deal for a deer**

**By Ray Trullinger**

**S**TEADY customers of this literary peanut stand probably will recall the story of last Fall's deer hunt, which detailed how a 225-pound buck caught this reporter off base and in so doing furnished the inhabitants of Washington County, Maine, with the season's best belly laugh. What actually happened was as follows:—

When the big chance bobbed up, after ten days of fruitless hunting, this patsy found himself armed with nothing more lethal than a pair of field glasses. That prize boner, however, boomeranged to the great good fortune of our companion, who promptly smacked the escaping deer for a loop.

Several hours later our lucky hunting partner, a doctor, was on his way back to town with his prize and your frustrated correspondent was in serious conference with a warden, the warden's brother, Harley, and the latter's two boys.

"We gotta show this guy a deer or he'll be on our hands for the rest of the winter," the warden remarked to nobody in particular. "Or at least until the end of deer season," he amended. "Anybody got any bright ideas?"

The two kids exchanged knowing glances and their father thoughtfully eyed the ceiling. No one said anything for a minute, Harley finally breaking the silence.

"We showed him a nice deer this morning," he commented dryly. "But he was busy looking at the pretty mountains with those glasses of his'n."

"I thought I saw something moving over on those rock ledges," we replied.

"You didn't need no glasses to see that deer this morning," was his comeback. "If he'd been any closer

he'd have kicked dirt in your face."

"Oh, lay off," we pleaded. "I have suffered enough. Besides, things worked out nicely. The Doc busted himself a record buck and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. And on the last day of his stay, too. But that doesn't put any meat in my skillet. There must be a big buck somewhere in this vicinity. The whole country is lousy with white-tails."

"Why don't you give up deer hunting and take up something that doesn't require brains?" needed the warden. "Golf, for instance."

We brushed off that insult with a gesture and turned to the boys. "You kids ought to know where there's a big deer and I've a sneaking idea you're holding out on me. If you know something, speak up. You've been wanting a deer rifle since last season and there's just a chance I'll locate a good used 30-30 carbine back in town this winter and..."

"There he goes," interrupted the warden. "Trying to bribe innocent kids with promises of a gun. Next I suppose you'll try to hire 'em to go out and shoot a deer so you won't go back to town skunked."

A shrill telephone bell interrupted our reply to that jibe. The warden spoke briefly, hung up and reached for his hat. "Somebody clipped a deer down the road a piece and the car went into the ditch. The deer probably has a broken leg. I'll be back in an hour or so; meanwhile, let's figure on going duck hunting tomorrow. I think it will snow in a day or two and if it does you won't have any trouble getting that buck." Harley followed his brother to the door, but the two boys lingered behind.

"You weren't kidding about getting that rifle for us, were you?" the



older boy questioned in a whisper.

"I certainly wasn't!"

"Honest Injun?"

"You kids help me get a nice deer and you'll have a deer rifle all your own next season."

"We know where there's a whopper," the lad continued. "A real buster! Pop knows where he's living, too, but he ain't saying nothing to nobody. There's a big doe with that buck, too. Pop ain't going huntin' again until next Saturday and if it snows before then you can find that buck easy as pie. He's living. . ."

"Come on kids," summoned their dad from the back porch. "Scoot home to bed and tell your mother I'll be home in about an hour."

"Don't let on I said anything or Pa will skin me," breathed the older boy, as the two youngsters headed for the door. "I'll see you tomorrow night."

Later that evening we hit the hay with the firm conviction our luck would change and that staying on the right side of growing boys paid dividends in more ways than one.

**N**EXT morning it was definitely cold and the warden's warm kitchen felt good when we came downstairs for breakfast. A powdery snow was sifting down outside, the sky was leaden and a gusty wind moaned around the eaves.

"We'll go down to the river and plaster a mess of ducks today," the warden announced as he skidded eggs and bacon from a large platter to his plate. "Those big cork decoys ought to do the trick when the tide begins to ebb. Tomorrow there should be a good tracking snow on the ground and if there is we'll kill a deer."

The ducks cooperated nicely. The season's first triple was scored shortly after we rigged out in a small cove and several singles were added later. The birds were northern red-legged black ducks, scaling around four-pound weight, and when sundown called a halt on the shooting we had a hefty bag.

Harley's boys were toasting their shins around the kitchen stove when we returned, and it was obvious they had news to impart, preferably secretly. Fortunately the kitchen woodbox was low, which gave us an excuse to duck back to the woodshed for a conference.

"That big buck and doe are right up on the hillside behind our house," Junior whispered, "but for gosh sakes, don't tell Pop or Lloyd I told you. Pop is fixing to get him on Saturday. That deer has a better head than the one Doc shot and he's almost as big. You won't forget that rifle, will you? We'd like either a 30-30 or .32 Special, and be sure you pick up a box or two of cartridges, eh?"

"Son," we answered him, "you've won yourself a deer rifle. Just leave the rest to me."

**T**WO inches of snow mantled the ground next morning and a bright wintery sun was shining by the time we finished a belated breakfast. Lady Luck certainly had pulled an ideal deer-hunting day out of her cornucopia.

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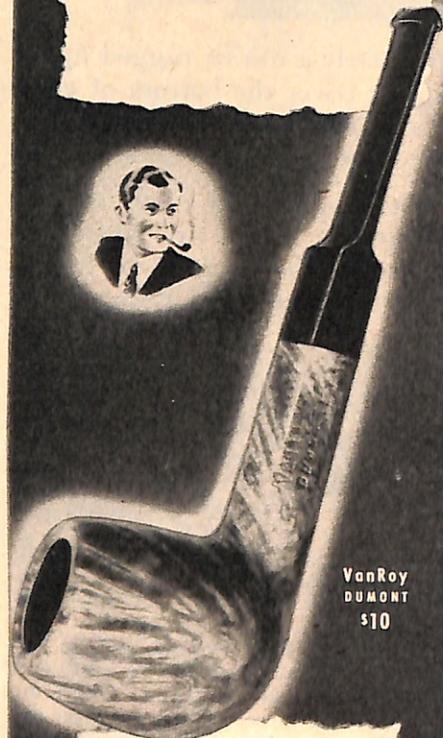
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"Come on," we urged the warden, who was dallying over his grub. "Let's get going."

"No hurry," he replied, selecting another doughnut. "We aren't traveling far today. We ought to have that deer killed by noon and be back here in time for lunch."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Why not?" he retorted. "I'm going to let you shoot the village pet. Old Joe. Nice old fellow. I almost hate the idea of letting you kill the poor critter, but after all, you've got to go back to the city with meat and I guess Old Joe will have to be the victim."

Something told us we were being jobbed, but for the life of us we couldn't figure the angle. The warden finished his doughnut and pushed back from the table. "Get your rifle," he directed. "We'll have fried deer liver for lunch, but it will be just like eating my own brother."

A short climb, with the warden leading, brought us to the top of the burned-over hill back of the village. The footing was uncertain, but the newly fallen fluff deadened the sounds of our sometimes slipping, sliding progress. The fire which had swept over the hill years before had left a few patches of evergreens intact, and several small gullies, dense with brush and evergreen scrub, looked like promising deer cover. We found tracks, deer, human and dog. But nothing which had been made that morning.

An hour went by before we hit fresh deer sign—those of a buck and a doe. The tracks wandered off onto another little ridge and down into a gully, came out the other side and circled back over a wind-swept knob and down into another brush and snow-choked ravine.

"I think they're somewhere in this place," the warden whispered, as we held a council of war. "We'll split up here. You work around the edge of this ravine and I'll cut across and come down on the other side. Stay up high enough to watch things, just in case I jump 'em out of this patch of scrub. I'll meet you down below where the gully pinches out."

A quick climb put us up on a rocky ledge which commanded an excellent view of the ravine. A ten-minute wait revealed nothing so we slid down and began a slow prowl down the edge of the ravine, twice crossing fresh deer tracks. Finally the ravine pinched out and the warden came in view again.

"Another dry run," was his disgusted comment. "But I'm certain those deer are around here somewhere. The place is all cut up with fresh tracks. And they weren't made more than a hour ago."

"I saw some fresh ones too," we replied.

"Tell you what," he spoke up, "let's separate, keeping about 50 yards apart, and work back on my side of that gully again. You keep off to my right and try to stay awake. All you'll get is a running shot if we jump 'em and you don't want to fool around. Just remember that I'm not wearing any horns. At least, not visual ones."

"I've never shot a warden yet," we replied, "although it's only fair to say that I've been tempted. Okay, Daniel Boone. Lead on. And if I start shoot-in', just duck and say your prayers."

We began a slow back track, keeping to the right of the warden, and hadn't traveled more than 100 yards when that worthy stopped abruptly, whipped his autoloader to his shoulder and rapped out four quick shots.

"There goes that buck!" he yelled. "Crack him if you can see him!"

There was a brief glimpse of a bobbing white flag and time for a fast, uncertain shot. The rifle whammed and the sound of a bullet smacking meat drifted back.

"I think I tagged him, but he's still going."

"I hit him twice, myself," answered the warden. "He won't go far, but you better move up there and give him another when he shows up."

Twice the buck came into view and vanished behind clumps of brush before the rifle could be brought to bear. But it was evident the big fellow was hard hit. Finally, a short run put us up on a little elevation and the rest was easy. The buck broke into the clear on wobbly legs and a shoulder shot put him down for the count.

Examination revealed the deer had been hit four times, thrice in the chest area and once through the nose.

"Well, you got your deer," remarked the warden as he counted the buck's 12 points. "He'll go pretty close to 200 pounds, dressed, and that head is prettier than the one the Doc took home."

"I'll not take full credit for this kill," we replied. "It was a sort of double play, in which I rate only an assist."

It took but a matter of minutes to dress out the animal and within a half-hour we'd dragged the carcass down off that snowy hillside to the village and there was liver sputtering in the skillet for lunch.

"Yep," remarked the warden later, "things worked out just as those kids figured. It was a sort of shame to kill Old Joe, but the kids needed a deer rifle and they guessed you'd fall for their scheme. . . ."

"You mean to say all this secrecy business was a put up job to chisel a rifle?" we exclaimed. "Why, the little devils! I'll bet you and Harley had a hand in this base deception. A fine trick to play on a friend!"

"Now, don't you go making any cracks about those kids," protested the warden. "They're smart boys. Besides, I don't see what squawk you've got coming. You wanted to go home with a deer and the kids wanted a rifle that Harley could ill afford to buy them, gun prices being what they are."

"A fine trick!" we repeated.

"What was wrong with it?" again protested the warden. "You got what you wanted, didn't you? The kids are assured what they want, aren't they? And Harley saved himself about forty bucks, didn't he? I'd say it's a satisfactory deal all around."

Come to think of it, it was!



## Memoirs of a Retread

(Continued from page 5)

were, looking sort of silly all done up in transparency, with no place to go.) There was a set of anti-gas cosmetics, numerous enough to have justified an adaptation of milady's vanity case as a carrier. There was the mask itself and special specs, and what-not else. The CWS wanted you to have it all handy. Under its weight added to other equipment, I barely was able to stagger up the gangplank. Having been through several gas attacks in the last war, I willingly concede the worth of an ounce of prevention. But not of about 800 ounces of prevention, all loaded on one aging officer.

AS IN 1918, I slipped past the subs. Landing at Oran, I, though of the Army Ground Forces, was sent by mistake to an Army Air Force replacement depot. It wasn't half bad; in fact, I made a note seriously to consider the Air Corps in the event of another war. The depot was equipped with seashore villas; a private bathing beach, frequented by shapely nurses; a casino, with bar, orchestra, and two dances a week. A large winery, situated in the vicinity, was regarded as the proper objective of all practice marches and scouting parties. A courteous superintendent escorted visitors through and urged a bit of wine-tasting. The visitors pressed on him and his help some extra cigarettes and soap they had along. The super. then stated that he was desolated because he had planned to make a gift of much fine wine but had no bottles to spare. Visitors thereupon revealed that they had field bags full of canteens and other containers, so all was well.

Patriotic French girls attended the dances. I watched a bemused captain circle the floor with a particularly ravishing little number. Every time he passed me he would mutter, "Can't speak French. Can't tell her." I was about to offer my services as an interpreter when the music stopped and the couple halted near me. But before I could speak, the captain, no longer able to contain himself, burst out:

"Babe, I sure would like to grab you and give you a good, hearty smacker!"

"Well," she replied in perfect American, "what's stopping you?"

It would seem there is not the same incentive for our troops to learn French as in the last war. Some of the made-moiselles we knew must have told their daughters, "Now, Celestine, be sure and study hard on your Conversational English at school. The day may come when you'll be grateful for Mama's advice."

From that duck of a depot I was finally shifted to Algiers and the ruder accommodations of the Ground Forces. In Algiers, a desk soldier might put his



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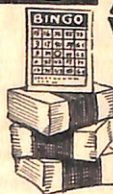
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feet on his desk but they would be tired feet. The city is all uphill or upstairs. Transportation was scarce. Even a funeral cortege could muster no more than a horse-drawn hearse into which all the mourners crammed themselves and chatted and smoked, seated on the coffin, in a kind of mortuary hayride. I found that my billet was located on the sixth floor of an apartment house with no elevator. Heaving and panting, I climbed up to greet the aged landlady who apparently was accustomed to taking all those flights in her stride like a chamois. Alpine though it was, the room was light and airy and the bed comfortable and complete with mattress. I did not have to risk the mistake of the American officer, with a sketchy command of French, who asked his shocked landlady for "*Une maitresse pour mon lit.*"

Air raids meant double toil and trouble going down and up those long stairs. The Germans usually came over in the middle of the night just after most people had gotten to sleep. My apartment house was too near the harbor and my floor was too near the roof to stay put in bed. It was, as my landlady cried out, necessary to descend.

The wail of the siren, immediately followed by that of my landlady, aroused me. No hurry. You had a good ten minutes' grace. I lay there listening to the click-clack of wooden soles as the good folk of Algiers, long victims of a leather shortage, betook themselves to air raid shelters. That patter from the streets below sticks with me, amid all the conglomerate racket, as the theme sound of those raid nights. I put on a pair of slacks and a tin hat and grabbed my flashlight and descended.

All the French in the building were snug in the cellar. I had a touch of a phobia on deep shelters, and an incident soon to be related bore it out. I took my chances outside the front door and underneath a balcony which gave cover

against flak fragments. Then the guns began to open up.

It is generally agreed by observers from various theaters that the Algiers barrage, put up by British and American batteries, hit an all-time high in effective and brilliantly spectacular anti-aircraft fire. I allowed myself a small amount of personal pride in it, since it was one of my duties to inspect all the American anti-aircraft and searchlight battalions in the vicinity of the city. Maybe my efforts had made some minute contribution. Anyway I would always stand under the balcony cheering like the fourteenth cousin of some talented performer of the stage or stadium.

The fireworks exploded against the blue background of the night. Golden and crimson and green tracers. The chatter of the .50 calibre machine guns, the staccato barks of the 40-mm. rapid-fire cannon, the deep bellow of the big 90-mm's., and the sharp, rasping cough of rocket guns, not then much mentioned but in their fighting. We gave 'em everything we had and it was plenty.

*Tinkle, clank!* It rained steel on the street in front of me. Some of the flak fragments were tiny; others large enough to kill a horse. I pulled in my neck and stayed well under the balcony.

The German planes roared on through that barrage. Here was a target worth cracking. Here was Allied Force Headquarters and a harbor full of ships and massed humanity and vast supply depots.

Long fingers of light probed the sky. The searchlights, spotted on the hill-tops and along the coast, were in action. Now they converged in a cone and, caught in it high in the heaven, was a tiny, silvery plane. Puffs burst around it. A flash of flame lit the city like a sudden sun. We'd hit him. No, that was one of our own barrage balloons, shot down by the Germans or our own guns. But yonder was another fiery streak in the sky—the wing of a plane marked with a black cross.



I'd reflect on how easy it used to be to ride a horse at night by giving him his head.



"Hey!" I yelled to the French down in the cellar. "We just socked one of the sons!"

They must have understood basic English, for the men came up to see, and we cheered and shook hands all around. They retired again at the sound of the roaring crash of a bomb. It was not near, but any hit you hear sounds too close.

And now a fog welled up around me. Reeking smoke machines had been dashing through the streets. The dense fumes they spread shrouded all the city. German bombardiers could see nothing, the raiders, blinded and blasted, turned and fled. Night-fighting Spitfires would harry them out to sea. They had taken losses and caused little damage.

But there was one raid when through luck or a fine piece of precision bombing the story was different. It is now permissible to tell of it. It contains an incident which, for me, tied two wars together.

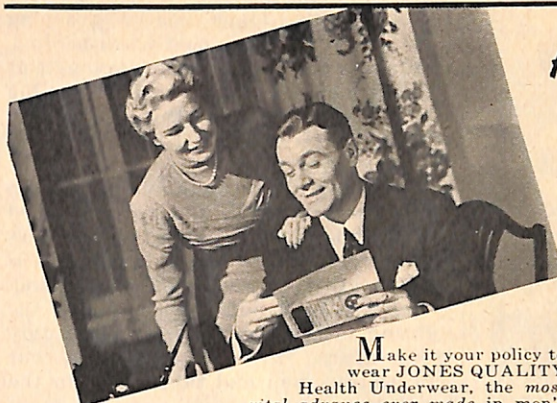
In garrison in Algiers there was a famous French regiment. Between it and my outfit had sprung up a friendship. Its colonel and his staff major were veterans of the last war. There was the bond of the retreat between us. They spoke no English but could understand my A.E.F. French. We toasted each other in Algerian wine. We sang "Madelon" and "Auprès de Ma Blonde." We agreed that this was a young man's war but wondered why they sang so little in it. We had some more wine and sang louder to make up for them.

These French officers had been dining at our mess when the alert sounded for the air raid with which this story is concerned. They left to return to their headquarters. In the course of the raid, our lookout post spotted a bomb-hit in that part of the city in which the barracks of our French friends was situated.

It was on an ancient stone building that a German bomber got his hit. It collapsed completely, burying five white officers and about 190 Senegalese troopers. They might have taken refuge in slit trenches in a nearby park and escaped, but unfortunately their ill-advised orders were to take cover in the cellar of their barracks when the air raid siren sounded. On them were heaped tons of shattered masonry and great stone blocks.

We took it as a high compliment that the French colonel called on us for help. We paged an Engineer battalion with steam shovels and bulldozers and joined the French in night and day shifts, all digging for dear life. Tunneling was tried to reach the imprisoned men, and some of our outfit were subsequently decorated for risking their lives in those burrows. Utmost efforts against that mass of stone resulted only in the saving of three Senegalese, brought out alive after being buried for 60 hours. The rest were dead when we finally reached them and probably had perished with merciful swiftness.

Diggers, as I watched, struck an upright bayonet. Carefully they pulled away stones and mortar. They found a



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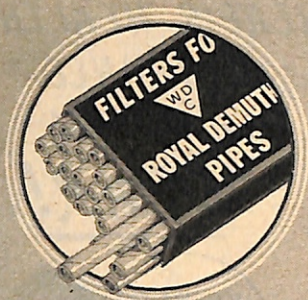
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# *The Filter in* **ROYAL DEMUTH**

*makes pipe  
function  
superbly*

**\$3<sup>50</sup>**

BOX OF 25 FILTER  
REFILLS WITH EACH  
PURCHASE



*Filter COOLS the smoke...  
as it CLEANSSES the smoke*

**T**HE changeable filter has a patented construction that keeps flakes and juices out of the mouth. Royal Demuth Filter Pipe is age-mellowed, carefully seasoned, exquisitely finished.

If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.

bayonet—rifle—black sentry grasping it, at attention at his post when he died. I remembered the Trench of Bayonets at Verdun where a squad, buried by a big shell, had died like this soldier of France in Africa.

The French were deeply grateful for our efforts, almost unavailing though they had been. The Colonel conferred the insignia of the regiment on numbers of our men and of the Engineers in a review ceremony on our parade ground.

Being a base outfit, we watched the fighting in the Tunisian campaign only from afar. However, many of our officers and men had taken part in the landing operations and some of them had been wounded. They had come to us from such convalescent camps as the one we ran beyond the city called Palm Beach. This was a pleasant spot to swim and take the sun. It was my duty to inspect it at intervals and at times to decorate with the Purple Heart the wounded men recovering there, always allowed some extra time for the beach. Palm Beach, though, offered two hazards. Generals from Algiers were fond of inspecting it also, and corpses from some Mediterranean sinkings were apt to drift in. Both were disquieting.

As the Tunisian campaign came to a triumphant conclusion and preparations for the Sicilian push commenced, the war and I seemed to be getting farther apart than ever. Air raids, which sounded like old times while they lasted, would be less likely now. Best settle down to a quiet existence. I dropped in at the Signal Corps to see a new training film.

The most terrific explosion I ever heard in either war called off that showing. The ground trembled, the building shook and plaster and skylight glass cascaded down on us. I hurried back to headquarters through streets littered with the glass of shattered windows. Our dispensary was doing a rushing business patching up French civilians and American and British soldiers cut by

glass slivers. From the harbor rose a vast black column of smoke. A closer look and questions revealed that a ship, loaded with German land mines dug up in Tunisia, had exploded. An oil tanker, lying close in had been ignited and in turn had set off cases of small arms ammunition on the docks. Most of the crews of the two ships had been killed by the blast, save for two survivors on the bow of the tanker.

Two of our men grabbed a small boat, rowed out and took them off. Meanwhile a third wounded seaman was drifting past the dock end; a lieutenant of our outfit spotted him, ran through the exploding ammunition, dove into the water with its film of burning oil and hauled out the wounded man. All three of the rescuers were decorated. They were all young men. Perhaps we old-timers could claim we'd been useful for a while in training, command, and as voices of experience. But it was the lads who crashed through when there was a real job to be done, and we were proud of our privilege of pinning on their medals.

After seven months in North Africa, I was ordered home and saw further service at a training camp. There it was announced that the Army now had a surplus of 25,000 officers over 38 years old. Quick to take a hint, I applied for and was granted relief from active duty. Perhaps this retreat was not quite worn down to the fabric and there was a bit more mileage in him; but old folks are wise if they know when it's time to go home and let the young take over.

The verdict? Two wars are two too many, but they were jobs that had to be done, and we hope that will be all. Of the two, most of us prefer World War I when we saw the action. For twenty-five years we spun yarns about it and we were beginning to run a little dry. Now we retreats are all charged up again. We can vie with old Caspar, in F.P.A.'s parody, at a veterans' meeting . . .

"Where he and seven other men  
Sat swapping lies till half past ten."

## **1,000 Nurses Needed Now!**

*(Continued from page 18)*

Immediately following his stirring appeal, the members of the Elks War Commission who were present voted to add this project to the Commission's program. Following that announcement Colonel Ijams received the assurance of the representatives of the subordinate lodges that they would see through his request.

The new assignment on which the Order is about to enter is a work of mercy. The Government has given us this opportunity as a significant tribute to the successful accomplishment of previous endeavors.

There are 650,000 Elks and only 1,000 nurses are needed. This request on the part of Col. Ijams should be easy to accomplish, despite the swing of millions of people to more lucrative war industries. Recruitment of the badly needed

nurses and other personnel is a job that will require the diligent participation of every Elk.

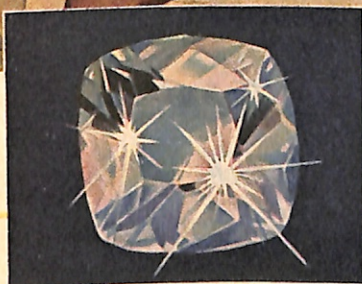
No one of us has to be told how necessary a nurse's aid is to a battle-sick soldier or sailor. Nor do we have to dwell long on the many lives that may be saved because we were helpful in recruiting the thousands of Angels of Mercy who are so vitally needed to administer to the recovery of America's fighting men.

Details of this nurses' enlistment campaign have been forwarded to every subordinate lodge by the Elks War Commission.

We are committed now to an assignment that must end with a success equal to the many being scored on the battle-fronts today.

The Elks will do this job.





**THE PITT OR REGENT DIAMOND** takes its names from Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the great William Pitt) who later sold it to the Regent of France for \$675,000. William Penn Whiskey is called "the gem of the blends" because it is a shining example of mellowness and richness of flavor. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

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"Help me escape, Captain, and I will make you rich." The fugitive slave from the diamond mine unwrapped the bandage on his leg. From an open cut, he produced a huge 410-carat diamond. The English shipmaster's eyes glittered and he concealed the slave in his ship. But once outside the harbor, he ordered his men to toss the Hindu to the sharks. "No one will catch you now," he jeered. ☆ Like this Pitt

diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey has a long and interesting history. Introduced in 1898, it quickly won fame among judges of fine whiskey. Today it is the preferred blend of all men who recognize premium quality—at a non-premium price.

**SPEND WISELY, OR NOT AT ALL**

Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need. Buy your share of war bonds.

# William Penn

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*Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits*

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 J. H. Walmer, Juneau, No. 420, ALASKA, EAST  
 W. H. Chase, Cordova, No. 1483, ALASKA, WEST  
 Charles B. Wilson, Flagstaff, No. 499, ARIZ., NORTH  
 C. L. Carpenter, Miami, No. 1410, ARIZ., SOUTH  
 Weldon G. Pool, Texarkana, No. 399, ARKANSAS  
 L. Grant Kellogg, Santa Rosa, No. 646, CALIF., BAY  
 Robert J. Craine, Hanford, No. 1259, CALIF., EAST CENTRAL  
 William J. Goss, Glendale, No. 1289, CALIF., SOUTH CENTRAL  
 George C. Milius, Jr., Gilroy, No. 1567, CALIF., WEST CENTRAL  
 Loren L. Ewing, Redding, No. 1073, CALIF., NORTH  
 Robert E. Walker, Santa Ana, No. 794, CALIF., SOUTH  
 Clyde L. Sharp, Cristobal, No. 1542, CANAL ZONE  
 Wilbur M. Alter, Victor, No. 367, COLO., CENTRAL  
 Frank W. Thurman, Boulder, No. 566, COLO., NORTH  
 Arthur L. Allen, Pueblo, No. 90, COLO., SOUTH  
 George W. Smith, Aspen, No. 224, COLO., WEST  
 George H. Williams, Rockville, No. 1359, CONN., EAST  
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 M. Aloysius Nolan, Pontiac, No. 1019, ILL., EAST CENTRAL  
 Harry S. Ditchburne, Chicago, No. 4, ILL., NORTHEAST  
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 Charles Thetford, Murphysboro, No. 572, ILL., SOUTH  
 M. E. Dillavou, Champaign, No. 398, ILL., SOUTHEAST  
 A. F. Buente, Jr., Granite City, No. 1063, ILL., SOUTHWEST  
 W. James Patton, Peoria, No. 20, ILL., WEST CENTRAL  
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 C. E. Murphy, Elkhart, No. 425, IND., NORTH  
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 Paul O. Campbell, Ashland, No. 350, KY., EAST  
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 Robert Sugar, Shreveport, No. 122, LA., NORTH  
 Edward R. Schowalter, New Orleans, No. 30, LA., SOUTH  
 Roland E. Lancaster, Bangor, No. 244, MAINE, EAST  
 Daniel E. Crowley, Biddeford-Saco, No. 1597, MAINE, WEST  
 Phillip B. Matthews, Cambridge, No. 1272, MARYLAND, DELAWARE  
 AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, EAST  
 John H. Mosner, Cumberland, No. 63, MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND  
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, WEST  
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 John M. Kelleher, Newburyport, No. 909, MASS., NORTHEAST  
 William A. Harrington, New Bedford, No. 73, MASS., SOUTHEAST  
 Peter J. Genovese, Pittsfield, No. 272, MASS., WEST  
 Bohn W. Grim, Sturgis, No. 1381, MICH., CENTRAL  
 Ray H. Gorsline, Pontiac, No. 810, MICH., EAST  
 Frank J. Duda, Bessemer, No. 1354, MICH., NORTH  
 Donald W. Ackerman, Ionia, No. 548, MICH., WEST  
 Sam L. Carroll, Hibbing, No. 1022, MINN., NORTH  
 L. C. Brusletten, Faribault, No. 1166, MINN., SOUTH  
 I. J. Scharff, Corinth, No. 1035, MISS., NORTH  
 Sam Miller, Hattiesburg, No. 599, MISS., SOUTH  
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Paul V. Woolley, Excelsior Springs, No. 1001, MO., NORTHWEST  
 H. H. Russell, Warrensburg, No. 673, MO., SOUTHWEST  
 Jess L. Angstman, Havre, No. 1201, MONT., EAST  
 Ernest Beaudin, Kalispell, No. 725, MONT., WEST  
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 C. L. Baskins, North Platte, No. 985, NEB., WEST  
 Sidney W. Robinson, Reno, No. 597, NEVADA  
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 Morey L. Goodman, Santa Fe, No. 460, N. M., NORTH  
 Donald Dye, Roswell, No. 969, N. M., SOUTH  
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 Ray K. Thrasher, Painesville, No. 549, O., NORTHEAST  
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 Myron C. Davis, Jackson, No. 466, O., SOUTH CENTRAL  
 Harold V. Tom, Zanesville, No. 114, O., SOUTHEAST  
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 E. Harvey Miller, Heppner, No. 358, ORE., NORTHEAST  
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 George E. Dix, Marshfield, No. 1160, ORE., SOUTH  
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 Harry T. Kleean, Oil City, No. 344, PA., NORTHWEST  
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 Ernest F. Marlatt, Kenosha, No. 750, WIS., SOUTH  
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## Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 11)

an inspiration to all of us. He had a smile even when suffering and he appreciated all we tried to do for him. It was not a question of credits with Ted, rather—how much he could learn about all his studies. He did not have strength enough to hold the books he needed to use, so we cut the leaves from the textbooks and gave him part at a time. He was always eager to learn."

To this worthy lad we have awarded our second prize of \$500, and may it provide for him the assistance that he needs to go on with his studies and acquire the knowledge that he is so anxious to have.

Our third prize of \$400 we award to Mark Jakobson of Missoula, Montana. He worked his way through high school, graduating as Valedictorian of his class. With \$50 in his pocket, he hitch-hiked to the University at Missoula where he is even now earning his own way while acquiring his education, in addition to which he has had to contribute to the support of his mother and younger brother. His scholastic record is such that he is entitled to the third award of \$400.

Our fourth prize is awarded to Robert Frank Cox of Newcastle, Indiana, and our fifth prize to Glenn Douglas Breuer, of Berkeley, California.

When it came to awarding the honorable mention prizes of \$100 this year, the Trustees encountered a very difficult situation. We had no difficulty in selecting four of the students for these prizes, but when it came to the fifth, we found three boys who are absolutely tied. Again and again we went over the records to see whether or not there was any possible differentiation that could be made, and found it impossible. So, instead of awarding only five honorable mention scholarship prizes of \$100 each, we decided to include the other two boys who were equal in every respect to the fifth boy, by awarding seven such scholarships.

The names of these honorable mention scholarship winners are: James Edward Krueger, of Marinette, Wisconsin; Robert Oliver Berdahl, of Daytona Beach, Florida; Frank Cassis, Jr., of Sistersville, West Virginia and Don Muchmore, of Eagle Rock, California. Then come the three dead-heat winners—Ronald J. Sladek, of Berwyn, Illinois; Daily P. Childs, Jr., of Compton, California, and John F. McCoy, of Portage, Wisconsin.

**T**URNING now to the girl contestants, we have awarded our first prize to Marjorie Jean Powell, of Missoula, Montana, who, in order to finance her expenses, spent over 50 hours doing office work for a local insurance company, and over 500 hours grading papers for the Army Air Force Training Detachment at the Montana State University. During a long illness of her father, the only parent left to her, the burden fell upon this girl almost to shift for herself and her younger brother, and during the course of many months, she not only kept up her schoolwork, but assumed and performed the arduous duties at home that came to her under these circumstances.

Her certificate of credits in the Missoula County High School shows a heavy curricula taken by this girl, one which, as a matter of fact, is usually only taken by boys, and in every semester she received a straight A. In addition she took a course in Dramatics, in Journalism, in Typing, in Speech and Creative Writing, and in all of them she received straight A's, and the grading in this particular school for an A means a percentage of between 92 and 100. Her record entitled her to the first prize of \$600.

Our second prize has been awarded to Shirley Syrett, of Devon, Connecticut.

Not only did she maintain a straight A course in the curricula pursued by her, but in addition she was president of the Student Council, chairman of Class 9, Class Treasurer for two years, president of the Home Room, and has been a member of the Dramatic Club and Glee Club, participating in all assemblies. The grading of "A" in the particular high school that she attended at Milford, Connecticut, is slightly different, from that of Missoula, Montana. Where Missoula accords to Grade "A" a percentage between 92 and 100, the marking in the Milford High School where Shirley attended, accords to Grade A a percentage between 90 and 100. Taking this into consideration, in addition to the fact that Marjorie Powell was obliged to work to earn her way through school, and to sustain her family during the long illness of her father, the scales tipped to Marjorie for the first prize, and to Shirley Syrett, for the second prize of \$500.

Our third prize is awarded to Irene Louise Olson, of Boulder, Colorado.

A few B's crept into her school record which indicated a grading between 86% and 92%, but the method in which she presented her case was most original. She pictured herself as the defendant in the case; then followed her defense cross-examination, the testimony of her accomplices and other contributing factors, and she set out the testimony of her witnesses numbered from one to six followed by a legal endorsement, and various exhibits, concluding with a reference of her case to the jury, your Foundation Trustees. All things considered, the originality of this girl, as well as her excellent scholastic record, and her record of extra-curricula activities, entitled her to our third prize.

Our fourth prize is awarded to Alice Marie French of Whiting, Indiana, and our fifth to Florence Marie Ubertini, of Cortland, New York.

Fortunately for us, we had no "dead heats" run between the girls to whom we award the \$100 honorable mention scholarship prizes. They are Paula Coonen, of Jacksonville, Illinois; Charlie D. Butler, of Yazoo City, Mississippi (believe it or not, this girl's first name is C-H-A-R-L-I-E); Marion A. Klein, of Clifton, New Jersey; Patricia Ann McGowan, of Torrington, Connecticut, and Joyce Allen, of Laramie, Wyoming.

We do not feel that this report will be complete without reference to this last girl, Joyce Allen. To show the struggle that is being made by the youth of the Country to gain an education, under tremendous difficulties at times—she was born with deformed legs, but her mother never gave up hope that her trouble could be corrected, and her limbs have been operated on at least five times. Even so, she is obliged to use two crutches at all times; but through it all, and to this day, she has a smile for everyone. Her record, under all these circumstances, is a remarkable one, and while completing high school this year, she was also taking several hours as a freshman in the University of Wyoming, striving for an education to become a lawyer. She is doing a large part in defraying her own expenses by working part-time in one of the county offices, and also by doing some secretarial work in a few offices at the University.

While she was outpointed for any of our main prizes, it is with a sense of deep gratification that her record was such that we could include her within the honorable mentions, and thus, at least in some part, aid her in her struggle.

One other item of interest, showing the diversity of the applications for scholarships that we received, is the fact that a resident and native of Puerto Rico,

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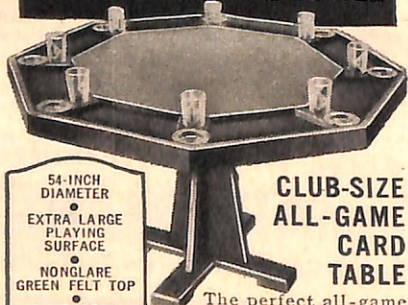
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It goes without saying that to each and every one of these youths go the best wishes, not only of the Trustees of the

Foundation, but, I feel sure, of every member of this Grand Lodge. May God keep and protect them, and may their cherished ambitions be realized in the attainment of that knowledge which they have made such magnificent efforts to secure.

Respectfully submitted,  
**RAYMOND BENJAMIN**  
Vice Chairman  
Elks National Foundation

## Blood Will Tell

(Continued from page 7)

offspring unto the seventh generation, at least. There is the curious case of Fair Empress, a 12-year-old mare that had produced nine thoroughly undistinguished foals until she came through with a "nice" horse. That horse was the great Exterminator. Sometimes it is necessary to cross-mate four stallions with four mares to get a pretty fair horse. That may take four or five years, and while you're waiting, some foals will succumb to the high mortality rate, others won't grow normally; the conformation of others will be so poor that no attempt even will be made to school them for the races. In the mean-

time, every horse in the barn will be eating regularly and heavy expenses will go on while the owner is waiting for just a fair horse.

There are three criteria for selective breeding: The stallion's and mare's performances on the track, their ability to transmit their own good qualities, and the conformation of their offspring. When all three factors work out fairly well, the breeder has a chance with his baby, but only a chance. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the famous trainer, was the recipient of much publicity and praise for his handling of Gallant Fox, the wonder horse of 1930.





Fitz snorted indignantly. "I didn't make Gallant Fox," he protested. "I just enabled him to accomplish what Nature intended him to do."

Men have given their lives studying, tracing and crossing the blood lines of horses and then are humbled by the disturbing realization that luck is the controlling factor in their efforts. Death and disease are in constant attendance around the stalls. Every race a horse runs may be its last; the incidence of accident is staggering. Look what happened to Count Fleet last year: John D. Hertz's colt was regarded by most experts as the one horse that might have challenged Man o' War's ranking as the best horse ever bred on the American turf. The Count was unbeaten in his first six races and won each one by a short sleeper jump. In coasting home to an easy victory in the Belmont Stakes, the Count stepped into a bit of a rut in the track and bowed a tendon. The Count has not run since.

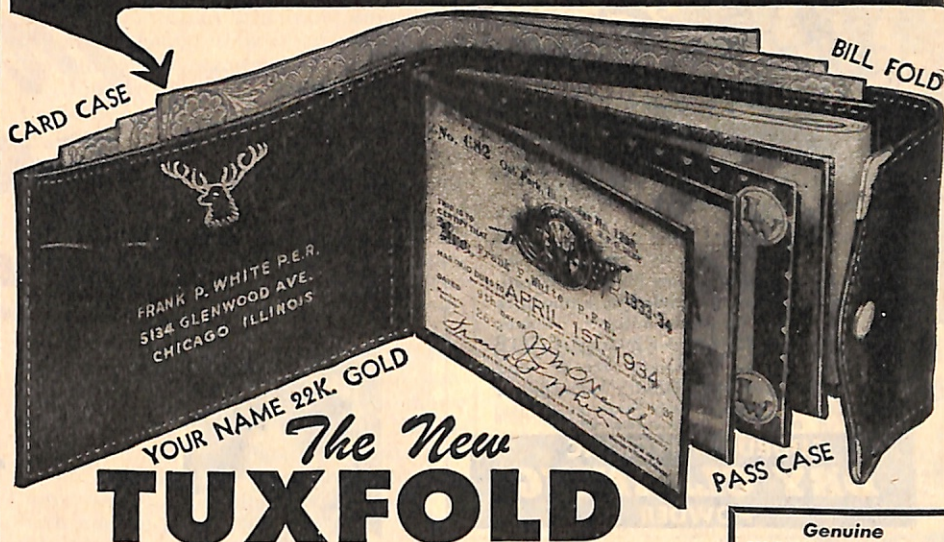
William G. Helis, the oil man from Louisiana who has been buying horses like crazy, paid \$55,000 for Attention last year, the highest price ever given in this country for a horse in training. Attention ran one race for Helis after he bought the animal. It ran second in the Suburban Handicap, earned \$6,875 and also bowed a tendon so badly that it had to be retired to stud. Helis is out a cool \$48,125 on his investment.

When a breeder's luck holds up, he hits the jack-pot. Man o' War is almost as famous as a sire as he was as a racer; at the end of last year, Big Red had produced the winners of 1,155 races worth an aggregate of \$3,094,353. Only a mystery of chemistry, or something, made Man o' War so valuable at stud. More often than not, a breeder will encounter one of Nature's capricious tricks that drives him nuts. High up on the list of the hundred best horses of all time are Twenty Grand, Cavalcade, Purchase, Sir Barton, Cudgel, Fitz Herbert, McChesney, Africander, Luke Blackburn, Tenny, Hermis and Henry of Navarre. Not one of these dozen horses ever produced an offspring capable of beating a fair sort of animal.

In view of the hazards of breeding horses, it is not so disturbing that Hitler alone has attempted to make genetics a state policy. The boss bum hasn't the time or the skill to produce his master race. Blood, they say, always will tell—but it is a moot question exactly what you are supposed to be told. Pensive has a full brother, Hyperion, by Hyperion out of Penicui II. Hyperion was bought for \$18,500, the highest price given at the yearling sales in 1941. Although Hyperion's ancestry is identical with that of Pensive, the pin-up horse of 1944, the dog has won only two cheap races in twenty starts. Must be the black sheep of the family, a pool-room habitué.



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# In the DOGHOUSE

*with Ed Faust*



## The pros and cons of vivisection

EVERY so often my mail contains a request from a reader who asks that I write something about vivisection and ever since I began writing your dog page I've shied away from the subject. Now you may ask why, in view of the fact that it is a matter so vital to dogs—and other animals too. Well, perhaps the reason has been because so much that has been written for popular consumption has dealt with the subject from a single and often considerably biased point of view. Those who are opposed to the practice are convinced that all vivisection is bad. Others who favor it just as surely believe that it is a necessary adjunct to biological research. Now I don't assume to be a Solomon endowed with wisdom beyond that given to any other 4-F, but I likewise do not believe that it calls for great talent to avoid being a fanatic either way and to present the facts impartially which is precisely what I hope to do here.

Unfortunately in the minds of many people, including some of the anti-vivisectionists, vivisection means only what our old friend Webster says it is—"The dissection of or operation on a living animal for physiological or pathological investigation." Of course I have no quarrel with this definition—and who would? But overlooked is the fact that kindred investigation embraces a far greater field of medical research to further determine the causes, nature and possible cures for various diseases afflicting animals and human beings too. Yes, allied to it we may even include nutritional experiments out of which so much has been learned about food values and diets

harmful or beneficial to animals.

Another popular misconception holds that only dogs are used for vivisection. This is not so. Other animals—guinea pigs, rabbits, monkeys, etc.—have been and are subjects for such experiments.

Now it is the contention of many sincere men of science that a whole of a lot of folks who are against vivisection oppose it more with their hearts than with their heads, that they have not given the subject sufficient impartial investigation but in the main have been led by certain fanatical individuals who may or may not have a personal ax to grind. It is pointed out that half-truths have too often been presented as truths. The writer does know of instances where personal gain ranging from financial to vanity of leadership has rewarded such leaders regardless of the sincerity of their intentions. I also know of many other cases wherein anti-vivisectionist leaders have accomplished remarkably fine things for their cause and did so entirely without calculation of profit to themselves.

We cannot overlook the fact—and this is recognized by those who try to be impartial—that animal experimentation has produced beneficial results. But those same impartial people know and are bitterly opposed to the horrors inflicted on animals by pseudo-scientists who practice vivisection solely through idle curiosity.

First, let's take the case for the defendant—the sincere scientist who seeks the truth the only way that he or she can go about it. Experiment upon human beings of course is not only impossible but utterly unthinkable.



able. Yet there remain many diseases afflicting Fidos' owners or at least threatening them, that can only be experimented with through the medium of animals. Take cancer for example; no doctor in his right mind would deliberately infect or inflict this scourge upon a human being and no human being, daffy or otherwise, would willingly submit to it. Certain phases of cancer study demand the use of living tissue, live animal matter. Opposed to vivisection as you may be, what would you think would be the value to the human race, if out of such experiment the full nature of this disease were learned and a positive cure found for it in its more advanced stages? Here is a malady as old as the human race, ranking second as a cause of death in the United States and, not at all incidentally, is the first cause among women. When considering animal experimentation, surely here, the end justifies the means. Small animals have been and are used for cancer findings.

**A**NOTHER case in point were the experiments conducted upon a number of purps by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. These animals which were deliberately fed foods entirely unsuited to dogs for a term, for some of them, of three months. Yes, the dogs died. Needlessly cruel? Not at all. This was the only way that science could learn certain facts about black tongue, a highly dangerous sickness that afflicts many dogs.

Many causes of serious dog illnesses, and those afflicting human beings too, necessitated the experimental use of animals to determine the causes and in some cases the cures for such ailments. Anyone, for example, who has been

bitten by a rabied dog and undergone the Pasteur treatment has good reason to be everlastingly thankful to that scientist who began his experiments to find a cure for this dread disease by using rabbits and still later employing dogs. So deeply impressed was he by the virulence, deadliness of rabies that he dropped all of his other—and vastly important work—to devote his time exclusively to the study of hydrophobia. In brief, he took the saliva from rabied animals and injected it into the veins of healthy rabbits and dogs. With each he set aside a group into which he injected the saliva from non-rabied animals. Those which received the virus from the rabied invariably died. From this he was later able to isolate the germ that caused the trouble and still later perfect a serum that would successfully combat it. This was many years ago but up to the time of the introduction of the Pasteur treatment, rabies, much more common then than now, was almost invariably fatal to both human beings and dogs. Incidentally, as I've remarked before in these columns, dogs are not the only animals that can contract this disease. It can be given to any warm-blooded critter by the bite of an infected animal. This goes for foxes, wolves, weasels, skunks, Nazis, etc.

**E**ARLIER I mentioned that no physician would deliberately provoke cancer in a human being nor would anyone willingly submit to it. That's my story and I'm stuck with it. But I can recall an instance where doctors and their patients did collaborate in a highly dangerous experiment to determine the cause of yellow fever. The patients, twenty soldiers stationed in Cuba, vol-

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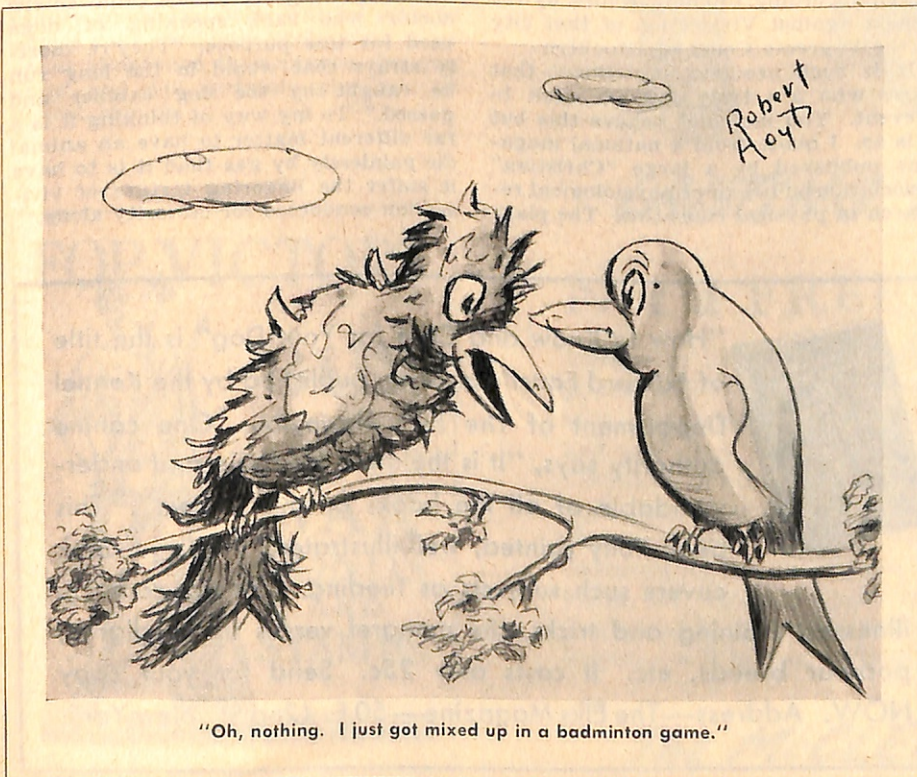
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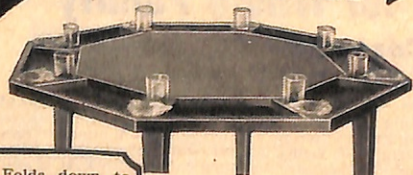


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unteered to sleep upon bedding formerly used by yellow fever victims. At that time this was considered one of the most surely fatal things a man could do, particularly in that climate. Yellow fever for more than 400 years previously had killed no less than fifty percent of the people infected by it. This experiment was presided over by the late Walter Reed, the Army surgeon for whom the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., is named. Contrary to popular belief at that time, Reed had an idea that only a certain type of mosquito was responsible and the disease was not communicated by those afflicted by it. When the volunteers did not contract the fever from sleeping on the infected bedding, Reed's theory was proved correct. Up to that time, 1918, the germ of the fever passed freely through the finest laboratory filters. When during that year it was finally trapped and isolated and the blood of infected victims was injected into guinea pigs and dogs, resulting in the development of the fever, the battle was won. There was a case of both human and animal experiment that has since saved thousands of lives.

In this I've only cited a few of many instances justifying the use of animals for medical research. Now let's take a look at some of the reasons against indiscriminate experiment.

**ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS** ask, and with good reason, what possible gain is made by cutting a dog's vocal cords so it can never again bark or give voice to its emotions? What purpose, they ask, is served by severing the sciatic nerve of a dog thus paralyzing its hindquarters so that it can never again walk or run? Yet these things have been done in a hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., according to charges filed by the Legion against Vivisection of that city in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn.

It is such needless experiment that those who are truly humane seek to prevent. You may not believe this but it is so. I quote from a national magazine published by a large "Christian" association on behalf of physiological research in physical education. The place

is Chicago. Here's what was said in the magazine: "Here dogs were placed in a swimming pool and compelled to swim to the point of exhaustion." They swam or else. Guards were stationed at the sides of the pool to prevent those poor pooches from climbing out. Further experiments included confining dogs to treadmills until completely fagged out. Following this, blood tests were made. Overheating tests were made by putting animals in a framework surrounding an electric heater covered with towels. The last named experiments were listed in a leading journal of physiology.

**IN ANOTHER** hospital laboratory, University of Chicago Department of Surgery, dogs were cut open and their ribs forced back while bands of cloth were bound around arteries leading from the main artery. Other details too gruesome for a family magazine could be given here. Now, some of these experiments were undoubtedly in the interests of real science, particularly the latter, ugly as it may be, to study certain effects on the circulation of the blood and reaction of the heart to the experiment.

Admittedly those who oppose vivisection have a case when animals are used solely to satisfy the morbid curiosity of a medical student or in any other aimless way. But almost invariably, the serious worker in the field of medicine or surgery who knows what he or she is seeking and thus does not conduct purposeless vivisection will always administer an anaesthetic unless it threatens to interfere seriously with the purpose of the experiment. Unfortunately, however, there are few laws that compel the employment of an anaesthetic in connection with vivisection. While on this subject, I want to go on record as disagreeing with one Midwestern doctor who said, speaking of dogs used for this purpose, "They're mostly strays that would in the long run be caught by the dog catcher and gassed." To my way of thinking it is a far different matter to have an animal die painlessly by gas than it is to have it suffer the lingering torture of vivisection conducted for curiosity alone.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy **NOW**. Address—*The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York.



As a New York City newspaper writer recently put it, widespread vivisection encourages a vicious black market in dogs. He added that the students of a New York college have been heard to say that they could always buy a dog "to cut up" for as little as two dollars. This certainly implies that anyone who owns a pup that gets on the loose in the neighborhood of that seat of learning had better watch his Fido. This brings to focus one of the best of all reasons why dog owners should not permit their pooches to gallivant freely. Between the dog catcher (a mighty useful member of society, believe it or not), the threat of disease and the vivisectionist, it is literally a dog's life. Cats, with their nine lives, are better off.

**W**HETHER we like it or not it must be admitted that sad necessity does dictate the practice of vivisection if science would progress. But my point is that whenever this is found *necessary* then such experiments should only be conducted by competent, matured men and women who take every precaution to minimize pain for the animal under observation.

Frankly I favor the anti-vivisection societies because they are the only militant force operating for the protection against *needless* vivisection. If you think this way then my advice is to join such a society but first carefully examine all claims. Don't allow yourself to be stampeded into it by the fanatical fringe and that fringe really does exist. Demand to see proofs of the evils, alleged or otherwise, that your local society is fighting against. Weigh carefully all such evidence and then if you are sold, join up and do your part. If there still lingers any doubt in your mind, then talk this over with your family physician, who will be glad to advise you. He'll very likely know more about vivisection than anyone else you know and will certainly give you an honest opinion.



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**War and the rehabilitation of veterans are the subjects of the month's best books.**

**By Harry Hansen**

WHO is best at describing the war, the reporter, like Ernie Pyle, who lives among the men at the front and tells what they do and how they feel, or the story writer, like John Hersey, who moves men and events around, gives them fictitious names and tasks and makes no claim to reporting actual incidents? The answer to that explains the whole reason why we sometimes prefer an imaginary story to an account of actual events. It is that the story writer, by bringing together the core of events, the essentials of a situation, can get at the vital truth of what he writes.

The war correspondent has excellent material to work with now and many of his reports are as good as fiction, while fiction is sometimes as good as the actuality. So there we are. And you, the reader, can be thankful that "A Bell for Adano" describes exactly what must have happened in a conquered Italian town and that Harry Brown's short, concise "A Walk in the Sun", portrays fairly well what your boy thought about and did when he landed on a beach and had a definite objective to attain. The stories of the boys in the Southwest Pacific written by Christopher La Farge in "East by Southwest" (Coward-McCann, \$2.50) suggest how these lads talk and what interests them, and makes it easy for us to understand them. And if there is any book of facts that gives a better idea of how the boys of a bomber crew act and feel than Hobert Douglas Skidmore's "Valley of the Sky" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2) I haven't heard of it.

This last is something really fine—a short tale, accounting for the men

of the Heartless Harpie, ten of them from the ends of the United States. Each man has his place in this machine and depends on the plane with implicit confidence. Poniatowski watched her carefully when she stood on a field and defended her against any aspersion, but the men of the ground crews were quite ready to take her part as well. The crew looked down on a submarine with pity for those "special kind of nuts" who could elect such a service when it was such fine riding in the skies. But the Harpie had work to do, and there were situations in which her men had to exert themselves to their utmost, especially when the bombs jammed and threatened to explode in the bomb bay and again in the battle with the Japanese. It is a story in which the heart plays as important a part as the intelligence.

Our English friend, Nevil Shute, by now a household word to many Americans—especially those who remember his film, "Pied Piper"—has also been captivated by the air force and made an airman the hero of his new love story, "Pastoral". (Morrow, \$2.50). He is Peter Marshall, flight lieutenant, pilot of a bomber, and his girl is Gervase, a WAAF assigned to work in the control office of his station. And if you, the reader, do not care for love stories, don't let that deter you from reading this snappy story of an airman's life. I have read a great many books about airplanes and their routine, so it seems, but Mr. Shute manages to put me right inside the plane and the control office and acquaints me with detail that I haven't found in a factual book. And that recalls what



I said about fiction. It conveys the basic truth. In this instance it makes me feel the tenseness of the situation when, for instance, Peter comes down on a field with one wing gone, unable to throttle down to less than 140, and Gervase is there getting the radio signals and aware what a dangerous game he is playing. That is where the novelist comes in—stacking the cards, yes, but showing you the whole dramatic, emotional impact of events. I don't have to tell you that Nevil Shute knows how to write that sort of story.

THIS is a good time to give thought to the growing might of the armies of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. True to his promise to the Filipinos, the general is on his way back. American military and naval might, working smoothly with the Australians, is pressing the Japanese hard. British warships are being sent to eastern waters in increasing numbers.

Gen. MacArthur's battle is the big story of this war, for one reason because everybody likes to see the comeback of a fighter who simply won't let himself be licked. Frazier Hunt went to the Southwest Pacific theater of war to get MacArthur's story, and with it the story of Bataan, Corregidor, Australia, New Guinea and the advance. He tells it in "MacArthur and the War Against Japan". (Scribner, \$2.50). When Gen. MacArthur reached Australia from Mindanao on March 17, 1942, the Japanese had taken so much territory that the very shores of Australia were threatened. Having been given the Southwest Pacific command at the request of Prime Minister Curtin, Gen. MacArthur declared, "We'll make the fight for Australia up in New Guinea." When Bataan surrendered MacArthur was in Australia, fuming, for he had hoped to be ordered back. But Washington decided otherwise and MacArthur "has maintained ever since a complete reserve with reference to it". He began his new fight with "only the barest shoestring".

Mr. Hunt tells dramatically how the whole action against the Japs was improvised. When Major General George Kenney began building up the Fifth Air Force, which was to become "the terror of the skies", not one in five planes was mechanically ready to fly and only six fortresses out of sixty-seven were in commission. The first general offensive was "bold, almost rash, thinking". MacArthur was short of everything. But the history of his offensive was one of growth—growing power, growing means, until the Japanese reeled back on a dozen shores and fields. Mr. Hunt describes the general's careful planning and foresight: "He will undertake no move unless it is clear that his losses will be light . . . No outside influences can ever force him to waste men and means and time on indecisive objects." Frazier Hunt, who first met Gen. MacArthur in the first World War, writes about him with enthusiasm and praise, confident that he will win a great victory in the East.

MILE GAUVREAU, friend and biographer of the late Gen. "Billy" Mitchell, is still hopping mad because of America's delay in recognizing the importance of airplanes in war. In his new book, "The Wild Blue Yonder", he has a great deal to say about our lack of preparedness while we supplied Japan and other nations with machine tools and metal for planes. And while he recognizes Gen. MacArthur's abilities, he thinks he failed to make proper use of his planes in the Philippines and handicapped Gen. Brereton, his air force commander, when the latter wanted to start bombing the Japs after Pearl Harbor. He was not properly "air minded", says Mr. Gauvreau, but has been thoroughly convinced since. Mr. Gauvreau also resents the fact that bombers had only a limited range and that lives had to be sacrificed to take air fields close enough to the enemy to enable the planes to operate. The price of Salerno was paid in human lives in a struggle for intermediate bases without which our short-range fighter aviation could not strike at the enemy. For better or worse, planes with a long range are now in use, and the future will see planes with such long range that they can cross oceans and return. This nullifies the advantages of oceans as barriers and makes necessary a new type of defense. Mr. Gauvreau's book about "the melancholy panorama of our mistakes in the air" is not flattering to our national intelligence, but it is perhaps well to stress our shortcomings, so that in the future we may be more alert to danger. Not the least of our troubles is industrial. What shall we do about machine tools for potential enemies? A great deal of the gold we now own came in payment for heavy goods sold to nations that used them to arm against us. In our need to keep our factories running, how far shall we permit the sale of products strategically valuable to the defense of the United States? There's a tough problem. (Dutton, \$3)

While we are thinking about the future of the airplane, we may as well consider the future of our returning soldiers. This is already the subject of grave deliberation and debate and needs to be understood fully by the public. A good basis for the discussion is the book that Dr. Willard Waller of Columbia University has written under the title "Veteran Comes Back". (Dryden Press, \$2.75). This tells how difficult it is for a man to readjust himself to civilian life after an absence of years, especially when he is a young man who had not yet advanced far in his job when he was drafted. When the enemy disappears, the Army's reason for existence seems to disappear, argues the soldier. Granted that we must have a large standing army, it is still necessary to provide for millions of men who have been uprooted. Dr. Waller tells what happened after the first World War, and how the pension and bonus systems worked after previous wars. He warns against the "heartless

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rackets" that await the veteran. He suggests programs of help that can be organized by communities, systems of rehabilitation and education, and the best way of meeting the problem of the disabled. Dr. Waller warns that more than "gratuities and benefits" are needed. The Nation may vote big sums to the returning soldiers, but that does not solve their problems. The Federal government must plan now, State governments must do their part and organizations must consult others in their communities so that a useful program of education, rehabilitation and understanding may be set in motion, and continue after the first outburst of public emotion. "Not to plan now is to plan disaster." For every veteran is mildly shell-shocked, bruised in his feelings and perceptions, "institutionalized" by the many rules of a soldier's life which have to be unlearned. It will pay us to ponder the suggestions of this author, himself a veteran of the first World War.

Dr. Waller tells an amusing story to explain how the coming of peace changes the attitude of soldiers. Two soldiers, a sergeant and a private, were being tried for gross insubordination. At inspection they had kicked a general. The sergeant explained:

"It was just a bit of reflex action and no offense was intended. I have a very sensitive toe and when someone steps on it my leg automatically kicks out and I can't help it. Just as the general was passing me, somebody stepped on my toe and my foot went out and hit the general."

The judge then asked the private for his explanation.

"Well, sir," said the private, "my action was due to a mistake. I just happened to look up and see the sergeant kicking the general and I thought the war was over!"

There must be many readers of novels who will welcome the long romantic novel that gives you a chance to visit a world wholly unlike our own. Two new examples ought to satisfy everyone in the matter of length, number of characters, and variety of action—Elizabeth Goudge's "Green Dolphin Street", and Thomas B. Costain's "Ride With Me". But as stories the books really have nothing in common, for Miss Goudge's book is a good romantic love story that moves from the Channel isles to New Zealand and back, and Mr. Costain's story deals with Napoleonic times.

Miss Goudge has a devoted public that will be greatly enlarged by "Green Dolphin Street". For here she describes one of those quaint little island towns in the early 1800s, where the Le Patourelts live with their two daughters, Marianne and Marguerite, and where

Dr. Edward Ozanne comes to make his home after an exile of 20 years. Marianne is a serious little girl, full of schemes to catch the attention of the doctor's son, William, who is headed for the Royal Navy; Marguerite is, by contrast, guileless, happy and open. The adventures of William occupy quite a section of the book, for he deserts from the Navy in China, stows away on Capt. O'Hara's ship, the *Green Dolphin*, and eventually starts a new life in frontier New Zealand and writes home for a wife—Marianne. The author stretches the probabilities a bit by causing William to confuse the names of the two girls and marry the wrong one, but that's only the middle of the book—there is a long career ahead for William and Marianne, including desperate adventures among the Maoris and an eventual return to the beloved Channel isle. You may think Miss Goudge has written a little too much, but there is plenty of atmospheric charm and characterization and no end of action, and if the story seems to have echoes of Dickens and a dash of the Brontës in it, it also has plenty of Elizabeth Goudge's love for places and people. I think many people will read this book in the next few months and most of them will enjoy it thoroughly. (Coward-McCann, \$3)

Thomas B. Costain's novel, "Ride With Me", is packed with action and snappy dialogue. Although it deals with English life at the time when Napoleon was preparing to invade England and after, it has some meaning for our own. The young editor of the *London Tablet*, Frank Ellery, who sees the Napoleonic campaigns as a war correspondent, fights for a free press and carries on a long siege for the heart of Gabrielle de Salle, whom he first sees in England as a French refugee. While many books of this time give much credit to Wellington, Mr. Costain stresses the high services of Sir Robert Wilson, one of the forgotten men of history. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

Richard Sherman, a writer who has always been popular with magazine readers and who may be remembered gratefully for "To Mary with Love" has written a love-story with a London background in "The Unready Heart". (Little, Brown, \$2.50). The chief character is an English girl, Barbara, who has not joined any of the women's organizations for war work and who is fearful of being married to a man who disappears soon after the ceremony. The man who angles for her interest throughout the book is an American war correspondent, who runs true to form. This is light entertainment, perhaps a bit too light for those who want solid meat, but satisfying for those who want sophisticated dialogue.





## Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 26)

The "homecoming" of the Grand Exalted Ruler at Alexandria on August the 23rd was said to have been the biggest event in that historic Virginia city since the first birthday celebration of General Washington 167 years ago. Elks from all over Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia were at the station when the train arrived in the early evening. A parade down brilliantly decorated and illuminated King Street followed. Thousands of citizens cheered the new Elk leader as he passed. At the home of **ALEXANDRIA LODGE NO. 758**, a reception was held, with the Mayor and city council of Alexandria, officers of the various civic organizations and Elks from nearby cities participating. The Grand Exalted Ruler, visibly affected as he responded

to the address of welcome, affirmed his belief in the principles of the Order which, he said, has as its objective the making of happier and better men. Dr. Barrett was presented with a sterling silver tray, and in his honor, *The Alexandria Gazette* published a special Elk edition.

At the conclusion of the party, Dr. Barrett left immediately for his summer residence at Ocean Grove, N. J. Here he was given another "homecoming" party by the members of **ASBURY PARK LODGE NO. 128**.

On Friday, August the 25th, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Appleton, Wis., where he was the guest of the **WISCONSIN STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at its forty-second convention.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 28)

London; Secy., (reelected) Archie J. McCullough, Jr., Derby; Treas., (reelected) John F. McDonough, Bridgeport; Trustee for five years, Charles L. O'Brien, Meriden.

With deep regret, Secretary McCullough reported the death of Past President Andrew F. McCarthy, of New London Lodge No. 360. A set of Resolutions on the death of Mr. McCarthy was presented by New London Lodge, to be spread on the Minutes of the Convention.

During the State Association Banquet at the Hotel Clark, a drawing for War Bonds were held, and a gift was presented to retiring President William P. Hession, P.E.R. of Derby Lodge.

### VIRGINIA

The three-day convention of the Virginia State Elks Association at Richmond was concluded on August 21 with the election of the following officers: Pres., W. Marshall King, Fredericksburg;

1st Vice-Pres., E. J. Treger, Alexandria; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. H. Liesfeld, Richmond; 3rd Vice-Pres., Lawrence H. Hoover, Harrisonburg; Secy., (reelected) H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; Treas., George W. Eppe, Jr., Richmond; Trustee, Major Walter S. Chisholm, Charlottesville.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett addressed the 150 delegates assembled in the home of Richmond Lodge No. 45 where the meetings were held. He spoke mainly on the Grand Lodge program for the rehabilitation of thousands of Elks now serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

After the morning session, luncheon was served, and that afternoon the State officers assembled at McGuire General Hospital for the dedication of a commemorative plaque. The presentation was made by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The plaque, which was accepted officially by Colonel P. E. Duggins, Commanding Officer at the Hospital, is mounted in the dayroom furnished by the Elks of Richmond for the comfort of patients at the army hospital.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 24)

**OLYMPIA, WASH.** Olympia Lodge No. 186 is building up a fund that may be used by members in the Services in the event that need arises for aid after they have been discharged. Some of the furnishings for the Army-Navy Club, now used as temporary U.S.O. headquarters, were supplied by the lodge which also outfitted the noncommissioned Officers Club at the Olympia Air Base. Six new benches have been placed in Sylvester Park by the Elks for the convenience of visiting service men and the lodge keeps on hand a supply of fishing equipment for loan to soldiers and sailors who want to try their luck in nearby waters.

Olympia Lodge has been active in war work for a long time. Civilian defense groups were invited to use the lodge rooms for meetings and classes, and during the War Loan Drives the Elks donated prizes to local schools. They sponsored the big rally during the Fourth War Loan Drive and took a prominent part in the successful promotion of the Fifth War Loan theatre party.

Members of No. 186 collected sufficient material for the manufacture of hundreds of slippers for convalescent service men. They have also provided organized entertainment for hospitalized sol-

diers at Fort Lewis, served Christmas dinners for 500 uniformed men, distributed Christmas gifts among 1,500 men at Fort Lewis and McChord Field Hospitals, and donated funds to the American Red Cross for the aid of service men's families. Members entering the Services are presented with mending kits and given cheerful send-offs at bus and railway terminals.

**FALL RIVER, MASS.** A congratulatory letter from the chairman of the Fifth War Loan Committee of the city has been received by E.R. Warren T. Dwelly regarding the excellent work performed by Fall River Lodge No. 118 during the Drive. The quota accepted by the lodge was met 300 per cent.

The Activities Committee of No. 118 has served breakfast to service men at the local U.S.O. on numerous occasions during the past year from funds collected among the members for that purpose. Another mark of consideration for the service man, and greatly appreciated it is too, is the reduction in prices of refreshments served in the rathskeller, visited daily by large numbers of the men from the near-by Posts at Newport, R. I., and Cape Cod and Taunton, Mass.

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# Editorial

## Memorial Service

THE Grand Secretary has distributed to subordinate lodges a memorial ritual which may be used as a special mark of respect to members who die in the service of our country. It was prepared by the late James L. King, of Topeka, Kansas, and adopted by the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, July 9, 1918. It is short, provides for the affixing of the gold star to the service flag, and is as fitting a tribute today as it was during the days of World War I, when it was adopted. The use of this ritual is optional with the lodge.

## The War Conference

THE Chicago Grand Lodge Session was truly a "War Conference". Opening on a note of militant patriotism, sounded by the forceful eloquence of Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Lonergan, it closed with the earnest pledge of the Order's new leader, Dr. Robert S. Barrett, that the men and resources of the Order of Elks were squarely behind our Country until victory.

The reports of all committees, and the proceedings of the Grand Lodge are summarized in the September and October issues of *The Elks Magazine*. Their story is one of progress and achievement. They tell of a year of increased membership going hand in hand with service in the world's time of crisis, under the splendid leadership of the Elks War Commission, and the cooperation of all Grand Lodge agencies, and subordinate lodges. As these reports and proceedings thrilled the hearts of the delegates assembled at Chicago, so will they stir the hearts of those who read *The Elks Magazine*, and make them prouder than ever of their affiliation with the Order.

It is worthy of special note that, amid the "sound and fury" of war the Elks National Foundation has gone forward, increasing its assets, and extending its benefactions. Members of the Order should know more about the Foundation and its great work in the field of education and philanthropy. It is translating the spirit of Elkdom into deeds, its possibilities are unlimited.

A feature of the Session impossible to describe in mere words was the Memorial Service, conceived and directed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. In a setting of dignity and beauty beyond description, tributes of music and eloquence were laid upon the Altar of Memory, with "Taps" for those who died overseas. The ceremony began with the singing of "The Lost Chord", and its music seemed to run, like a counter-melody, through it all. With benediction and "Taps" the "Grand Amen" must have entered the hearts of the great assemblage, who left the room like worshippers leaving a great cathedral, conscious that, for a brief moment at least, the Infinite had been in touch with the soul.

## The Elks National Foundation

IT IS a tribute to "the great heart of Elkdom" that the Elks National Foundation, in the face of War Bond Drives, subscription campaigns, rising living costs, and the disjointed economy of war, closed its books on May 31, last, on the greatest year in its history. War is humanity's most inexorable taxing agency, it exacts toll of life, liberty and happiness, as well as material things, but with all their heartaches and sorrows, contributions to war agencies, purchase of war bonds, entertainment of service men and women, Elks have found means individually, and through the lodges and State Associations, to contribute in greater measure to the Elks National Foundation than in any previous year. All of this sums up to the logical conclusion and the clouds of war have not obscured from Elk vision the fact that peace has its necessities, and the work of the Foundation in the field of education and philanthropy must go on.

The idea of the establishment of the Elks National Foundation was conceived in the heart of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and born at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35. The banquet in honor of this event was held on February 21, 1927. The food was good, the program was long, and it was midnight when John Malley, then a potential Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced. In his speech he outlined a plan for the establishment of a national fund, the income to be devoted to educational and philanthropic purposes, and administered under the auspices of the Grand Lodge, and it is significant to note that this great American ideal was born in the early hours of the natal day of that great American who founded our Nation.

The Grand Lodge, meeting in Miami, in July, 1928, adopted a constitutional amendment creating the Elks National Foundation. This was submitted to subordinate lodges, quickly approved, and is now Article V, of the Order's constitution. The Foundation is administered by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley has been Chairman since its inception. How well the Foundation Trustees have administered their trust is evidenced by the fact that it has gone through the years of economic depression and financial disaster without loss of a single investment. The small overhead essential to the conduct of the Foundation is donated by the Grand Lodge, and every dollar of moneys contributed goes for philanthropic purposes. It may also be noted that the funds of the Foundation have been accumulated by voluntary contributions, and no assessment for the purpose of raising such funds has ever been levied by the Grand Lodge.

The Order of Elks has gone far on all fronts during the past year, because cooperation with the war effort by subordinate lodges, and the nation-wide work of the War Commission is demonstrating that the patriotism of the Elks is a practical patriotism which finds expression in service. When peace comes, to maintain the momentum achieved by wartime activities, the Order may well concentrate upon the Elks National Foundation. Its goal is \$20,000,000, a sum not impossible to reach, by united effort, and when it is realized the Elks National Foundation will take its place among the great philanthropic endowments of the Nation.





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...To be able to enjoy so many of the good things of life...mouth-watering Southern fried chicken, crisp and brown and delicious...a highball or cocktail made from superb Seagram's 5 Crown!

Good food and drink have much

in common...for each depends on the *quality* of the ingredients, and the *skill* of those who combine them.

Seagram's 5 Crown—today, as always—is made from the very finest ingredients...blended by men who inherit all the skill and craftsman-

ship of Seagram's 87 years...every drop 100% pre-war quality...no compromises!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

## Seagram's 5 Crown

*Say Seagram's and  
be Sure of  
Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Bldg., New York City





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*"I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!"*



*March 50 minutes... rest 10!*

Hour after hour, mile after mile, that's Johnny Doughboy's marching routine. And when that 10-minute rest period comes along, well, that's when Camels come into the picture. Yes, Camels. For Camels and uniforms have been constant companions from way back—they were in '18, and they are today, the soldier's favorite cigarette.

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That's Camels! Cool, extra-mild—with a full-flavored appeal that never wears out its welcome. No matter how many you smoke, Camels don't go flat. Camels always taste fresh... always taste good! If you're not already a Camel smoker, give them a try today. Let your own individual taste tell you the meaning of the words, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."



***FIRST IN THE SERVICE***

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.  
(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS.)